

The Sketch



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WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



MISS EDITH YEOLAND,

THE ELDER OF THE TWO SISTERS WHOSE DEPLORABLE SUICIDE HAS GRIEVED THEATRE-GOING LONDON.

(*Of Miss Ida Yeoland a Photograph also appears in this week's "Sketch."*)

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MADAME LILLIE CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Coronation Claims—The Trial of Earl Russell—Hot-Weather Beverages and Clothes.

THE claims put forward in respect of duties to be performed at the Coronation are already numerous, and the Court appointed to consider them will have at its next sitting an even larger batch of applications. Most of the offices to which claim is laid are purely honorary, but His Majesty would have to possess two or three right arms to satisfy the candidates for the honour of supporting the hand in which he will hold the sceptre, and there are already three noblemen with claims to carry the great spurs.

To provide a glove, which is one of the rights asserted, is now a very simple and inexpensive proceeding, but, in the days of the Plantagenets, gloves, highly embroidered and sometimes set with little jewels, were very costly portions of a King's dress. The right to dispose of the cloth used for the Coronation ceremony claimed by the Dean and Chapter is a matter involving a large sum of money, for the material used for dressing the Abbey costs many hundreds, if not thousands, of pounds.

With all appropriate pomp, and with many curious old ceremonies, Earl Russell appeared before his Peers to answer to the charge brought against him, and, after a day's sitting, Lord Halsbury broke, not without considerable difficulty, an ashen stave across his knee, thus dissolving what may be the last Court of the Upper House assembled to judge a felony, for it is possible that the Lords may not consider that their undoubted right should cause the public inconvenience, which the stoppage of all business at the Law Courts during a trial in the Lords does.

"And how does this weather suit you?" Even people who take a pride in being practised conversationalists, and who never refer to the weather in their opening remark to a new acquaintance, have been forced to recognise the heat and to ask the universal question. This year, as last year and the year before, the heat finds luxurious London quite unprepared to cope with it.

A few more humane people have put their coachmen and footmen into straw-hats, and here and there a light-coloured summer livery has made its appearance, but the owner of the carriage sits inside in a buttoned-up, silk-lined frock-coat and black silk-hat, and a collar that holds his neck like a garotte, and wonders that he feels very warm. Of course, in Clubland ice is plentiful, but most Clubmen are sadly lacking in ideas as to what to drink during this hot weather.

"I want something to drink, nice and long and non-alcoholic, and hang me if I can think of anything but soda-water!" one perspiring denizen of the smoking-room said to me. An American would have known that there was a great jug of the juice of lemons and another of butter-milk in the ice-chest of the serving-room waiting his pleasure. How many rich Englishmen have the drinking-water placed on their lunch-tables semi-frozen, so that a large round of ice forms in the midst of the water? It is a very inexpensive luxury to be found in every French café. How many men whom our absurd custom forces to wear frock-coats during business hours ever think of sending their garments to their tailors at the beginning of July to have the linings taken out? Yet by doing so they get a coat of one thickness instead of two. The punkahs in the Guards' tent at Ascot are still considered curiosities, and, though electric fans have come into use in many houses, the electric punkah, which is used now generally in India in all stations which have their electric works, has not yet been imported to England. The sweet-scented eus-eus tattie, the mat which, hung before a window and damped with water, allows a cool breeze to filter through into the room, is utterly unknown here.

There is, as usual, talk of establishing floating restaurants on the Thames between Blackfriars and Westminster, and if the difficulty of providing suitable approaches to them were surmounted—a difficulty which handicaps the much-abused steamship company sadly—there are plenty of restaurateurs and plenty of existing company directors who would be willing to set a floating garden on a raft and serve meals there. If there were river-borne annexes to the Savoy and Cecil, we should soon find smart steam-launches waiting off the stage at Westminster, and even the "pair of oars" our great-grandfathers used to hire might come into fashion again.

While modish London has not yet decided what the hat and coat of its servants should be during the hot months, and is experimenting with straw-hats of all shapes, Paris has definitely made up its mind on the subject. An ash-coloured light coat and a bell-shaped hat, such as the coachmen of Mesdames Réjane and Bernhardt wore during the time they drove their mistresses through our streets, or the same light single-breasted coat and a similar hat in a darkish grey, are what your true Parisian gives his coachman and footman, and he himself, if by any sad chance he is left in the Ville Lumière during the time it is given up to the tourists who throng it during the dog-days, puts on a Panama-hat, a soft shirt with a low-cut collar, white shoes, and a suit of soft amber-coloured silk.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

A "Tempersome" Animal—Fighting Shots—The Silver Medallist—An Exciting Finish—England, Scotland, and Wales—Eccentricities of Cricket—Beating the Champions—Well Tried, Warwickshire!—An International Boat-Race.

WE were all of us very sorry that the King did not carry off the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown on Friday with his good horse Diamond Jubilee, for, of course, the Duke of Devonshire only lent his name as owner. But the hot weather does not seem to agree with Diamond Jubilee, who took to rearing at the post, and, in consequence of his temper, got narrowly beaten by three horses. Lord Rosebery must be pretty disgusted to think that he sold such a horse as Epsom Lad for 1200 guineas, and by so doing threw away the £10,000 of the Eclipse Stakes and other valuable prizes. Epsom Lad is a rare good horse, and his success may herald the eventual political triumph of the Master of the Durdans—who knows?

It is especially gratifying to see that the men who have been fighting our battles out in South Africa have done so well in the peaceful struggle at Bisley. There was a general feeling of satisfaction when Private D. J. Morris, 3rd Glamorgan R.V., won the Bronze Medal, for it was known that he had lately returned from South Africa, where he had been serving with the Volunteer Company of the Welsh Regiment. He made the capital score of 101 in the First Stage of the Prize.

The Silver Medallist increased our satisfaction, for Cyclist A. J. Comber, of the 2nd East Surrey R.V., is also a returned warrior, and has been serving in the Rhodesian Horse and in the 71st Battalion of Sharpshooters. He made only 96 in the First Stage, but put in the fine score of 93 at the second, and headed the list with 189, Morris being fifth with 187.

The last stage of the competition was, with a proper sense of dramatic effect, by far the most exciting. At first, Cyclist Comber, the Silver Medallist, carried all before him, and until the last range led by one point. But I notice that it is always at the one thousand yards that the Gold Medallist is made, and so it was this year. Up to the last, Comber looked like a winner, but it was obvious that Sergeant-Major Burr, 1st Hants Engineers, and Lance-Corporal Ommundsen, Queen's Edinburgh, would run him close.

Both Burr and Ommundsen pressed Comber, and tied at 310, Burr having a shot to fire, so that he had only to hit to be Gold Medallist. He took a long time to aim, and, probably owing to nervousness, missed the target. When the tie was shot off, Ommundsen won easily. The winner is an Edinburgh law clerk, and a fine shot who won the St. George's Prize three years ago at Bisley. So, in the first King's Prize of the reign and century, the Bronze Medal goes to Wales, the Silver Medal to England, and the Gold Medal to Scotland. Well done, all!

Cricket is a game full of ups and downs, but seldom, if ever, has the result of the match between Yorkshire and Somersetshire been surpassed. After the first innings, it looked as though Somerset would be beaten in the handsomest style, for they made only 87 to Yorkshire's 325; but Palair, Phillips, and Braund did so splendidly in the second innings, with over a century apiece, and were so well backed up, that the innings realised 630 runs. Even then it seemed as if there would be a draw, in spite of the fact that the ground was broken up.

But Braund and Cranfield made the most of the wicket, and got the Champion County out for 113, and so won the match by 279 runs. The performance of Somerset was a splendid one and they deserve all honour.

Yorkshire were not in luck last week, for Warwickshire had a good try at equalling the performance of Somerset. Thanks to Kinneir and Charlesworth, the Midlanders made 401 in their first innings, and all Yorkshire could do was 237, which meant that they had to follow on. Tunnicliffe and Denton did not give much trouble, but F. Mitchell and Brown completely mastered the bowling and played out time, putting a very different complexion on the match.

I am glad to see that rowing-men are objecting to making the Grand Challenge at Henley into an international race, but the reasons of "The Man in the Street" are not those of the rowing-men. The course at Henley is too short for a big race such as this ought to be, and the Putney-Mortlake course would be far better and more convenient for the public.

Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes Races.—The arrangements of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company, including the running of special trains for the convenience of their patrons during the Sussex Fortnight, commencing July 29, are now being announced as completed; and for the Goodwood Meeting special arrangements have been made by the Railway Company, assisted by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and also by the Brighton and Worthing Corporations, for the watering of the roads between the Drayton and Chichester Stations and Goodwood Park.

THE SISTERS' TRAGEDY.

THE theatrical profession, yielding brilliant success to the comparatively few, is a very precarious vocation for the great majority of actors and actresses; and in no walk of life are the workaday essentials of perseverance and cheerful hopefulness more indispensable. These qualifications appear to have been conspicuous by their absence in the minds of two of the most charming and most promising young actresses on the stage—Misses Edith and Ida Yeoland—exceptionally graceful and fascinating in themselves, and having so good

where she understudied Miss Evelyn Millard in "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," and gave great satisfaction to the Management when she assumed Miss Millard's part for a few nights; and Miss Edith Yeoland at the Lyric and the Globe, where she lately fulfilled an engagement with Miss Julia Neilson in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury"—that they were sure to have met with their reward had they but have possessed the necessary stock of patience. The despondent should ever remember that the Sun shines behind the blackest cloud.

It was on the morning of Tuesday week that they cut short their young lives by taking poison at their lodgings in Great Russell



MISS IDA YEOLAND,

WHOSE SAD SUICIDE WITH HER SISTER EDITH SHOCKED THE TOWN LAST WEEK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MADAME LALLIE CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.

a record at each London theatre at which they had appeared that it was with the utmost astonishment the sad news of their suicide on July 16 was learnt in dramatic circles.

The sisters, whose real names were Edith Kate Bowyer, aged twenty-eight, and Ida Florence Bowyer, aged twenty-five, seem to have been induced to commit this rash and deplorable act through a temporary professional disappointment which girls of evenly balanced brains would have borne with that courage and fortitude most of us have to exercise at some time or other. They had acquitted themselves so well at various playhouses—Ida Yeoland, an actress of rare beauty, at the Lyceum with Sir Henry Irving in "Robespierre," and, lastly, at the Duke of York's,

Street. Of a loving and sympathetic disposition, the sisters were very much attached to each other; and Miss Ida Yeoland out of her earnings helped to maintain her sister last year when the latter was prostrated by typhoid-fever and an ensuing nervous affection. That Edith Yeoland was suffering from great mental depression on the morning of the suicide was made clear by the melancholy, morbid letter she wrote to her mother, read at the inquest. There could have been no other verdict than which was returned by the Coroner's Jury on Friday last, namely, that both sisters committed suicide whilst temporarily insane. But it is inexpressibly mournful that two lives of such bright promise should have been ended in this lamentable way.

A GREAT LEGAL PAGEANT.

THE TRIAL OF EARL RUSSELL FOR BIGAMY.

ALL Westminster was astir on the morning of Earl Russell's trial, and from eight o'clock onwards on July 18 members of the outside public were patiently waiting at the foot of the Victoria Tower for the moment when the door would be opened at half-past nine. The Royal Gallery, by far the largest of the State rooms in the Palace of Westminster, is said to accommodate some three thousand persons; last Thursday, over two thousand spectators, including many well-known people in diplomacy as well as in general society—for the Diplomatic Body was extraordinarily interested in this stately revival of British mediæval pomp—were all seated before ten o'clock. Most of the Peers—some hundred and fifty—who had chosen to become, as it were, the Jury in the case, did not take their places on the crimson chairs set aside for them till close on eleven o'clock, but among those who came provided with tickets were many members of the Upper House who had not cared to avail themselves of the privilege of trying one of their own order.

THE LORD HIGH STEWARD.

The splendid gilded statues of dead and gone British Sovereigns looked down on a curious scene, the last great legal pageant of the kind, it is whispered, that will ever take place within the House of Lords. Lord Halsbury, who in addition to being Lord Chancellor is Lord High Steward, wore the splendid robes to which his Earldom entitles him, and to which the prisoner was also entitled by his rank. The Lord High Steward's chair was placed exactly in front of the Throne, and opposite him, sitting on the Woolsack and forming an imposing row, sat His Majesty's Judges, their scarlet robes being in curious contrast to the flowing scarlet cloth mantles, lined with white silk and trimmed with ermine and gold lace, in which each Peer, save the prisoner, was bound to grace the scene of judgment.

"OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZ!"

The Serjeant-at-Arms opened the proceedings by shouting three times the time-honoured old French word signifying "attend" or "listen." And, after the Lord High Steward had read the King's Commission—ending the peroration with the loudly uttered words, "God Save the King!"—Earl Russell, led by the Yeoman Usher, and accompanied by his uncle, Mr. Lyulph Stanley, appeared at the Bar, taking his stand on a dais placed just in front of Lord Halsbury.

"A SYMPHONY IN RED AND GREY."

The prisoner, who is, as most Londoners are aware, a tall, fine-looking young man, produced the effect, as one lady present happily observed, of a symphony in red and grey. Like many a less fortunate man awaiting trial, he had evidently taken special care about his habiliments; his grey frock-coat fitted to perfection, while the bright-red tie somewhat subdued the healthy pinkness of an exceptionally fresh-coloured face. The Earl's manner and appearance produced a very favourable impression on those present at the trial, for, while apparently at ease, he yet looked conscious of the painful position in which he found himself, and when he spoke in his own defence he proved that he came of a long line of eloquent and clear-headed orators.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

Lord Halsbury, who, before beginning his short speech, assumed an imposing-looking three-cornered hat which sat oddly on the top of his white wig, followed kindly Portia's advice, for he did not strain the quality of mercy; indeed, he took the unusual course of condoling with the prisoner anent the "extreme torture" which he had endured at the hands of his first wife, as he observed looking straight at Lord Russell, and which "may have provoked you to do that which otherwise you would not have done." As these very kindly, though doubtless well-justified, remarks were proceeding from the lips of the Lord High Steward, the prisoner-Peer's face assumed a not unnatural look of relief, and he greeted with a slight smile the concluding words, which must have relieved his mind of a load of anxiety, and which ran as follows: "Their Lordships have unanimously arrived at the decision that justice will be satisfied in this case by your being imprisoned in Holloway Jail for three calendar months as a criminal in the first division."

THE LADY IN THE CASE.

During the course of the trial, many glances were directed at the quietly dressed figure of the lady who was mentioned early in the case as "Molly Cook, otherwise Molly Somerville," and now undoubtedly the future Countess Russell, for the prisoner in his speech incidentally observed that he intended, as soon as was legally possible, to marry once more the lady with whom he went through the form of marriage last year in Nevada. Lady Russell—as most people will probably go on calling her till she becomes so in very truth—accompanied Earl Russell out of the Royal Gallery.

THE EARL'S QUARTERS AT HOLLOWAY.

Earl Russell occupies at Holloway the pleasant double room or cell which formed for so long the quarters of Sir John Willeghby, most gallant of soldiers and raiders. He will pay six shillings a-week for the accommodation, this including the services of a prison orderly. His food, should he care to so order it, may be sent in from outside, and to most people the only real annoyances connected with his position as a first-class misdemeanant will be, first, the confinement to Holloway Jail and grounds, and, secondly, the having to get up at five o'clock in the morning—no great hardship at this time of year.

M. SANTOS-DUMONT'S AIR SHIP.

THE young Brazilian, M. Santos-Dumont, is the hero of the hour in Paris. The Aéro Club at Saint Cloud is a very exclusive body, and its doings are unknown to the general public. On Sunday afternoons the ascent of a whole sheaf of balloons from the Club grounds is a delight for the thousands of children in the Bois de Boulogne, who watch, open-mouthed, the floating mastodons. I question (continues the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*) whether the name of

M. SANTOS-DUMONT

was known to a hundred people outside the charmed circle of the Club when the word was passed, on Friday, July 12, that a balloon was hovering round the Tour Eiffel, passing at one moment high over the flag at the summit, and then descending to the level of the Tzigane Band on the first platform. Thousands gathered to watch it, and ringing cheers were given when it soared back to St. Cloud, manoeuvring and tacking with consummate ease. On that afternoon there was not a breath of air moving, and everyone wished the brilliant aéronaut success in his attempt, announced for the following morning (Saturday),

FOR THE HUNDRED-THOUSAND-FRANCS PRIZE

offered by M. Deutsch. Although the hour on the Saturday was very matutinal—six, to be exact—there was a fashionable crowd. A breeze, sufficient to rustle the trees and ruffle the Seine, was regarded as ominous, and more than one urged M. Santos-Dumont to postpone his departure. "But," he said in my hearing, "this is not a toy." For a few moments the car hung fire and seemed to hesitate, like a carrier-pigeon, and then, having once found its track, it floated off towards the Eiffel Tower. When those armed with field-glasses announced that it had navigated the Tower in thirteen minutes, heavy bets were made as to whether he would be back in the allotted half-an hour. But what had been a mere zephyr was now a steady breeze, and Santos-Dumont had an aerial struggle. He tacked in the most determined and masterly fashion; but the motor of sixteen horse-power was in a dire condition and he went down at Longchamps. His novel air-ship is photographed on another page.

A CHAT WITH MARIE STUDHOLME.

THE RADIANT BEAUTY OF "THE TOREADOR."

"NOTHING ever happens to me!" So says Miss Dora Selby in "The Toreador," at the Gaiety Theatre; and so in real life says Miss Marie Studholme, who impersonates Miss Dora Selby, for, if you ask her, she will search her memory in vain for the usual stock of anecdotes which are popularly supposed to make up the career of a beautiful actress.

Like so many of her colleagues, most of her artistic life has been spent under the banner of Mr. George Edwardes, who, she declares, is the "nicest Manager," and she intensifies this by a desire to remain with him until she is too old to act, a prospect which she may look upon with complacency, seeing that she is full young for the position she occupies. Yet it was at the end of the run of "La Cigale," at the Lyric Theatre, that she made her first appearance by walking on in the crowd with something less than half-a-dozen words to speak. Her beauty attracted the eye of Mr. Wyndham, who engaged her for the young girl's part in a series of revivals of the great successes of the Criterion Theatre, but comedy could not hold what was destined for comic opera.

To "Morocco Bound" Miss Studholme departed, for the eminently prosaic reason, as she declares, that there was more money in it for her than there was on the regular stage. In "Morocco Bound" she played a lady journalist, and spent her evenings taking notes. These notes were curiosities, for they were caricatures of her comrades on the stage and of people in the boxes and stalls. Journalism on the stage gave place to journalism in real life when Miss Studholme went to America, in reality to act, and, incidentally, to show the perfection which beauty in an English girl may reach.

An enterprising Editor got her to write two or three articles on the contrast between American and English men. With no loss of time, the actress ordered in a shorthand-writer, and her impressions were taken down red-hot and set up in type to startle the dovecotes. It is an article of faith that the American is the best-dressed man in the world, but Miss Studholme declared for the Englishman, though she was reluctantly forced to admit that the American woman is much smarter than her English cousin.

Since then Miss Studholme has been playing in "A Greek Slave," "The Geisha," "An Artist's Model," and "San Toy," and now in "The Toreador," each new impersonation bringing new fame and an increased prestige, which culminates in her present position at the Gaiety.

If Londoners love Miss Studholme, Miss Studholme certainly loves London. When she is acting in the provinces, she always takes the first train after the performance on Saturday night to town, in order to spend Sunday in her own home surrounded by her household gods. This necessitates another journey either on Sunday night or Monday to the town in which she is again to act; but she does not mind this, for travelling is to her something like the breath of life. But, whether she goes by sea or by land, still she waits in vain for adventures, for "nothing ever happens to her."

THE DEATH OF MRS. KRUGER.

THE death of Mrs. Kruger at Pretoria from pneumonia last Saturday afternoon removes the most conspicuous woman as well as the most picturesque character of the African continent—"Oom Paul" himself excepted. She herself was by descent a woman of much distinction of birth, belonging to the same family as that which gave to France its greatest Cardinal-statesman, Richelieu. Indeed, it is curious that Mr. Kruger, who married twice, chose both his wives from the same family, that of the Du Plessis', one of the oldest in South Africa, whose founder went to the Cape in the seventeenth century.

"Tanta Sanna" was, in fact, the niece of Kruger's first wife, but unlike her aunt, who had only one child, she had sixteen, while her grandchildren number over a hundred. One of her sons was, or is, Secretary to his father, while another is the Captain of an Infantry Company.

The popular imagination has always conceived her as the embodiment of domesticity, sitting in the white-fronted house, devoting her time entirely to darning the household socks and stockings and making quantities of coffee, of which she and her illustrious husband were inordinately fond, and the popular estimate is, no doubt, as grossly inaccurate as popular estimates are prone to be.

Perhaps her greatest characteristic was her silence—at all events, when anyone was present—but there seems to be little doubt that her astute husband, recognising her strong mentality, often consulted her in private, even though on occasion, as when she expressed an opinion before people, he could unceremoniously tell her to "get along about your business. If you go interfering with polities, you'll be getting your head stuffed like an Outlander."

The old woman was really exceedingly kind of heart, a characteristic attested by perhaps the best-known of all the anecdotes told of her. It was at the time when a statue of "Oom Paul" was to be erected at Pretoria, and she suggested that the top-hat which crowned his head should be made without a top, in order that it might catch the rain-water, and thus become a place where the birds could always get a drink.

During the earlier months of the war, it will be remembered, Mrs. Kruger did all she could to mitigate the sufferings of her people, and there is little doubt that, whatever the popular judgment with regard to her husband, she will always be regarded as the personification of a faithful wife and a good mother.

Sherlock Holmes makes his welcome reappearance in the *Strand Magazine* for August. We are assured that the opening chapters of the "Hound of the Baskervilles" are even fuller than usual of excitement and dramatic vigour. Conan Doyle is a master workman, and in his newest Sherlock Holmes adventure he proves himself, if anything, a greater master than ever.

SWITZERLAND.—Express Daily Service (Sundays included) by the Royal British Mail Route, via Harwich-Hook of Holland. HARWICH-ANTWERP Route every week-day for the Ardennes (Cheapest Continental Holiday), Brussels, Spa, Germany, Switzerland, &c. London (Liverpool Street Station) dep. 8.30 p.m. for the Hook of Holland, and 8.40 p.m. for Antwerp. Direct service to Harwich from Scotland, the North, and Midlands. Restaurant Car from York. Combination Tickets (Rundreise System), Cheap Tours to nearly all parts of the Continent. Particulars of the Continental Traffic Manager, G.E.R., Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

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SAWDUST. By DOROTHEA GERARD.

"An exceptionally strong and brilliant piece of work, even when judged by the standard to which its author has accustomed her readers."—GRAPHIC.

A DAUGHTER OF THE VELDT. By BASIL MARNAN.

"A strong, clever, and striking book. It has scenes of dramatic power told with simple directness."—MORNING POST.

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"Intensely dramatic and moving."—OUTLOOK.

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IN MEMORIAM: THE LATE MRS. KRUGER AND THE EX-PRESIDENT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARNETT, PRETORIA.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

PARIS FOR AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.—14-DAY EXCURSIONS, via Newhaven, Dieppe, and the Valley of the Seine. SATURDAY, Aug. 3, from Victoria and London Bridge 10 a.m., also from Victoria 1 p.m. (First and Second Class), and Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Aug. 1 to 3, from Victoria and London Bridge 8.50 p.m. (First, Second, and Third Class). Fares, 39s. 3d.; 30s. 3d.; 26s. Extensions to Bale and Lucerne.

NORMANDY AND BRITTANY FOR AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY. CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.

TO DIEPPE from Victoria, 1 p.m., Saturday, Aug. 3, returning by special service at 8 a.m., following Tuesday. Return fare, 30s., First Class. Tickets also available for return by any ordinary service up to night of Aug. 7.

TO DIEPPE, from London Bridge and Victoria, by Day or Night Service, leaving 10 a.m. and 8.50 p.m., Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, Aug. 2 to 5. Fares, 24s.; 19s.; available for return up to Aug. 7.

TO CAEN, from London Bridge and Victoria, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Aug. 1, 2, and 3. Fares, 30s., 25s., 15s. Returning within 14 days. Roads and Scenery recommended to Cyclists. Special Tickets issued, including Bicycle.

Details of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

GOODWOOD RACES, JULY 30 and 31 and AUG. 1 and 2.—Fast Trains for Portsmouth, Southsea, and Isle of Wight, Week-days.

From	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	
Victoria ...	6 25	9 13	10 30	11 35	1 45	3 55	...	4 55	7 20
*Kensington ...	6 5	8 40	10 15	11 16	1 26	3 41	...	4 27	6 53
London Bridge ...	6 35	9 40	10 25	11 35	1 50	4 0	4 55	5 0	7 25

* Addison Road. The last Train runs to Portsmouth Town only.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, and MONDAY, JULY 29. SPECIAL TRAINS FROM VICTORIA, for Pulborough, Midhurst, Singleton, Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Drayton, Chichester, Havant, East Southsea, and Portsmouth (for the Isle of Wight). See Programme.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES from Victoria for the above Stations will only be conveyed by Special Trains leaving Saturday, July 27, 7.45 a.m. and 7 p.m., and Monday, July 29, 6.40 a.m., 7.45 a.m., and 7 p.m.

SPECIAL TRAINS, July 30 and 31 and Aug. 1 and 2.		A	B	C	D
From		a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Victoria ...	7 5	8 40	9 0	9 45	
*Kensington ...	6 58	8 29	8 40	...	
London Bridge ...	7 10	8 45	...	9 40	

* Addison Road. A—To Drayton and Chichester, Return Fares, 17s., 10d., 11s. 8d., 10s. 1d. B—To Singleton, Third Class Return Fare 10s. C—To Drayton and Chichester, Return Fares, First Class, 20s., Second Class, 15s. D—To Drayton and Chichester, First Class only, Return Fare, 25s.

Full Particulars of Superintendent of the Line, London Bridge Terminus.

G R E A T C E N T R A L R A I L W A Y.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS from MARYLEBONE (near Baker Street and Edgware Road Stations), Woolwich, Greenwich, &c.

THURSDAYS, Aug. 1, 15, 29, Sept. 12 and 26, for 16 days, to Ireland, including Belfast, Londonderry, Giant's Causeway, &c.; also FRIDAYS, Aug. 2, 16, 30, Sept. 13, 27, to Dublin, Bray, Cork, Galway, Killarney, &c.; also SATURDAYS, Aug. 10, 24, Sept. 7, 21, to Londonderry, via Liverpool and Direct Steamer.

SATURDAY, Aug. 3, early morning for 3, 6, and 8 days, and night for 2, 5, and 7 days, to Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, Bradford, Halifax, Oldham, Stockport, Warrington, Liverpool, Manchester, &c.; also (at convenient times throughout day) for 3, 6, or 8 days, to Acreington, Ashton, Barnsley, Blackburn, Bolton, Bradford, Bridlington, Burnley, Bury, Chesterfield, Cleethorpes, Darlington, Doncaster, Durham, Gainsborough, Glossop, Goole, Grimsby, Halifax, Hartlepool, Huddersfield, Hull, Leicester, Liverpool, Loughborough, Macclesfield, Manchester, Middlesbrough, Newcastle (Tyne). Nottingham, Oldham, Preston, Redcar, Rotherham, Rugby, St. Helens, Saltburn, Scarborough, Sheffield, Southport, Stalybridge, Stockport, Stockton, Sunderland, Tynemouth, Wakefield, Warrington, West Hartlepool, Whitley, Wigan, Worksop, York, &c.

SPECIAL WEEK-END TRIPS.

SATURDAY, Aug. 3, for 2 or 3 days, SUNDAY, Aug. 4, for 1 or 2 days, and MONDAY, Aug. 5, for 1 day, to Calver, Finmere, Brackley, Helmdon, Culworth, Woodford and Hinton, Charwelton, Willoughby, Rugby, Lutterworth, Ashby Magna, Whitestone, and Leicester.

SEASIDE TRIPS.—SATURDAYS (until further notice), for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days, to Blackpool, Bridlington, Chester, Cleethorpes, Cullercoats, Douglas (Isle of Man), Filey, Fleetwood, Grimsby, Liverpool, Lytham, New Clea, Redcar, Robin Hood's Bay, St. Anns, Saltburn, Scarborough, Southport, Tynemouth, Whitby, Whitley Bay.

SUNDAY MORNING, Aug. 4, for 2, 5, and 7 days, to Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, Penistone, Guide Bridge and Manchester.

MONDAY, Aug. 5, for half-day and 1, 2, or 3 days, to Brackley, Rugby, Lutterworth, Leicester, Loughborough, and Nottingham.

Certain of above trains will call at Harrow, Rickmansworth, and Aylesbury. Tickets (dated in advance), bills, and all information can be obtained at Marylebone Station; also of Messrs. Dean and Dawson, 55, Charing Cross; and at all Great Central Town Offices.

WILLIAM POLLITT, General Manager.

L O N D O N A N D N O R T H - W E S T E R N A N D C A L E D O N I A N RAILWAYS (WEST COAST ROYAL MAIL ROUTE).—ADDITIONAL AND ACCELERATED TRAIN SERVICE now in operation.—WEEK-DAYS.

DAY SERVICE, LONDON TO INVERNESS.—

London (Euston) ... dep. a.m. 10 10 0 5 11 30 2 0 7 45 8 0 8 50 9 0 11 50
Inverness

CORRIDOR TRAINS WITH LUNCHEON, TEA, AND DINING CARS, FROM EUSTON AT 10 A.M., 11.30 A.M., AND 2 P.M., FOR EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.

† Leaves at 10 a.m. in September.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	A	a.m.	B	C	D	G	G
London (Euston) ... dep.	7 15	7 10	10 0	5 11 30	2 0	7 45	8 0	8 50	9 0	11 50
Edinburgh (Princes Street) arr.	3 50	5 50	6 15	...	7 55	10 30	7 50
Glasgow (Central) ...	3 30	6 0	6 30	...	7 55	10 30	7 50
Greenock ...	4 22	7 5	7 31	...	9 13	11 17	8 0	9 50
Gourock ...	4 31	7 15	7 43	...	9 22	11 27	8 11	9 10
Oban ...	9 5	4 45	15 13	11 55	2 5
Perth ...	5 30	8 0	12 20	4 45	5 20	...	8 5	9 10
Inverness—via Dunkeld	11 25	5 10	9 10	9 10	...	G	1 50
Dundee ...	7 15	8 40	8 45	1	6 35	...	9 37	9 45
Aberdeen ...	9 5	10 15	10 10	3 0	7 15	...	G	11 45
Ballater	9 45	2 0
Inverness—via Aberdeen	7 50	...	12 5	6 0

* On Saturday nights the 9 and 11.50 p.m. trains from Euston do not convey passengers to stations marked * (Sunday mornings in Scotland).

A—Runs during July and August only.

B—On Saturdays, passengers by the 2 p.m. train from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway.

C—Passengers by the 7.45 p.m. from Euston will arrive at Inverness at 8.35 a.m. from July 23 to Aug. 10. This train does not run on Saturday nights.

D—The Night Express leaving Euston at 8 p.m. will run every night (except Saturdays).

E—During September only.

F—Arrives Inverness 9.10 a.m. from July 1 to 13 and after Sept. 13.

G—Passengers for Inverness and Aberdeen must leave London by the 9 p.m. train on Saturday nights. The 11.50 p.m. has no connection to those stations on that night.

A Special Train will leave Euston at 6.20 p.m. from July 15 to Aug. 9, Saturday and Sunday nights and Friday night, Aug. 2 excepted, for the conveyance of horses and private carriages to all parts of Scotland. A special carriage for the conveyance of dogs will be attached to this train.

For further particulars, see the Companies' Time-Tables, Guides, and Notices.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager L. and N.-W. Railway.
R. MILLAR, General Manager Caledonian Railway.

July 1901.

THE SKETCH.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAVURE OF MRS. LANGTRY.

The recent Photogravure of Stage Favourites of the Period, issued as a Special Supplement with *The Sketch*, proved so attractive to the public that its many readers found it difficult, to our regret, to secure copies.

In order that subscribers may give their orders to their Newsagents in good time, early notice is now given that a vivid panel-portrait of Mrs. Langtry, executed by the same exquisitely beautiful Rembrandt Art Process, will be presented gratis with next week's number of *The Sketch*, dated the 31st of July.

D I R E C T S E R V I C E T O H A M B U R G,

In connection with the Great Eastern Railway,

VIA HARWICH,

By the General Steam Navigation Company's Fast Passenger Steamers

"PEREGRINE" and "HIRONDELLE,"

every Wednesday and Saturday.

Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.40 p.m.

First Class, Single, 37s. 6d.; Return, 50s. 9d.

Further particulars of the G.S.N. Co., 55, Great Tower Street, E.C., or of the Continental Traffic Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

M I D L A N D R A I L W A Y.

REVISED AND IMPROVED

SUMMER TRAIN, &c., SERVICES

FROM LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) TO

LANCASHIRE, PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE, &c.

For Improved Scotch Services see other Announcements.

"PEAK" OF DERBYSHIRE, LANCASHIRE, &c.

LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) dep.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Derby ... arr.	5 15	9 0	9 30	10 10	10 30	12 15	12 30	1 30	2 0	2 10
Matlock Bath ...	8 5	12	13 12	26	1 0	1 53	...	3 22	4 30	4 42
Rowsley ...	8 38	1	0	...	1 37	...	4 19	...	5 22	...
BUXTON ...	10 45	1	13	...	2 48	...	4 48	...	5 32	...
Hope (for Castleton) ...	9 25	1	45	...	2 25	...	4 28	...	6 2	...
Ashbourne ...	11 21	1	55	...	3 12	5 53	...	6 41
Liverpool ...	10 55	2	15	...	3 45	...	6 2	6 42
Manchester (C.) ...	10 0	1	15	...	2 30	4 30	5 10	6 20
Southport ...	12 5	4 35	...	6 25	8 15
Blackpool ...	11 28	3	30	...	4 58	6 5	8 32

* First and Third Class BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or DINING CARS from London (St. Pancras).

§ First Class SLEEPING CARS from St. Pancras.

A—On Wednesdays and Saturdays arrives 15 minutes later. C—Arrives 20 minutes later on Saturdays. D—Sunday mornings excepted. E—Saturdays only. F—Matlock Bridge Station. I—Sunday mornings only. M—Leaves at 12 Sunday nights. Q—20 minutes later on Bank Holidays. R—Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays only.

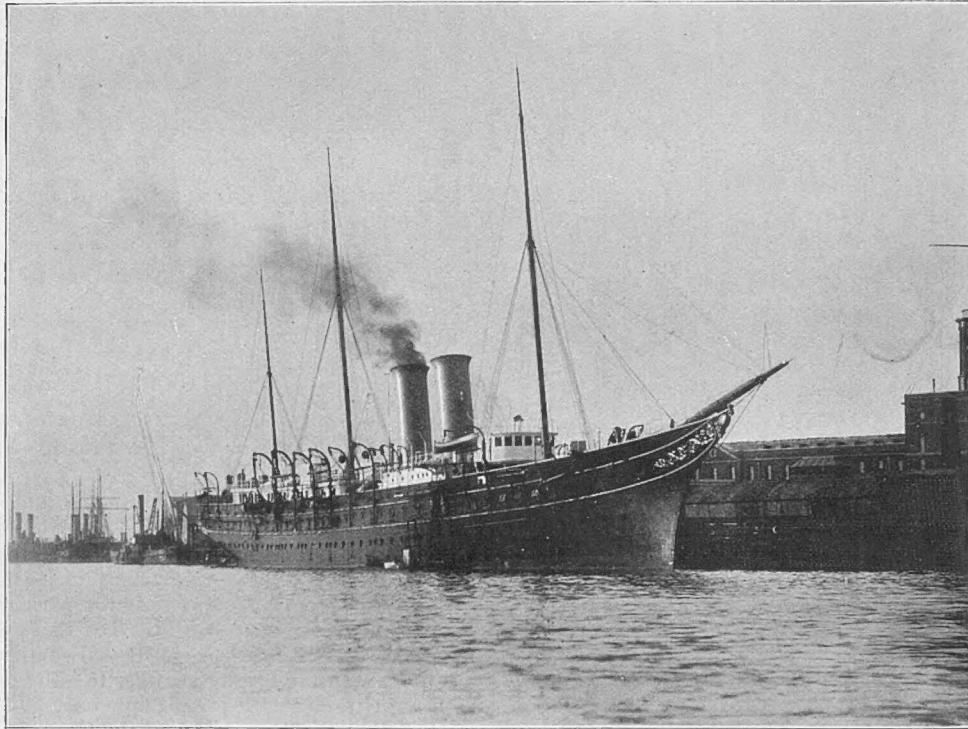
LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) dep.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	\$	\$	\$
Derby ... arr.	3 0	4 0	4 55	5 30	5 45	6 45	8 40	9 30	10 30	11 55
Matlock Bath	6 50	...	8 15	9 6	9 25	12 10	12 30	1 15	3 0
Rowsley	7 30	...	8 47	3 59
BUXTON	8 15	8 38	9 32
Hope (for Castleton) ...	7 33	9 27	...	11 E27
Ashbourne	8 44
Liverpool ...	9 40	10 10	10 55	...	11 50	...	5 5	5 L 5	5	5 55
Manchester (C.) ...	8 Q20	9 10	10 0	...	11 0	...	2 D20	3 I10	...	5 15
Southport ...	10									

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Edward VII's
First Visit as
King.

Particular interest attaches to His Majesty's late visit to Keele Hall, for it was the first time since his Accession that the Sovereign had sojourned under the roof of a host unrelated to the Royal Family. The Grand Duke Michael is a really intimate friend of the King, and Keele Hall is the property of the Mr. Sneyd who has long been a welcome visitor at Marlborough House, and whose wife is the daughter of General Sir Arthur Ellis, King Edward's Equerry and

Queen Victoria extended their patronage to the game. The King learnt golf in his student days at Edinburgh; the late Lord Playfair taught him science in the laboratory, while the King's caddie, Tom Brown, from whom His Majesty was not above taking many a hint in play, is still living in hale old age. The King's recent host, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, has some private links at Cannes, where the King has several times played. It is curious, however, that His Majesty has not many honorary offices connected with golf; but he was first Patron and afterwards Captain of the Royal and Antient Club of St. Andrews, and he is also President of the Royal Wimbledon Club.



HIS MAJESTY'S YACHT ALONGSIDE THE SOUTH RAILWAY JETTY, AFTER BEING PRACTICALLY REBUILT SINCE ARRIVING AT PORTSMOUTH FROM PEMBROKE.

Photo by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

trusted servant. Only a very small party was asked to meet the King, and the visit was treated in every sense as a strictly private one.

The King's Hostess. The Sovereign's hostess is the morganatic daughter of Prince Nicholas of Nassau, whose marriage in London to the lovely Natalie Pouchkine, the daughter of the famous Russian poet noted for his liberal opinions, excited much interest in the European Courts in 1868. Since their marriage, Prince Nicholas and the Countess of Merenberg have lived almost entirely at Wiesbaden, where their three children were brought up, the Countess Sophie being the eldest. Her marriage to the Grand Duke Michael took place when she was three-and-twenty, after a long engagement, for the course of true love by no means ran smooth. At first the Grand Duke was exceedingly anxious that she should be raised to the rank of Grand Duchess. This, however, was absolutely forbidden by the Czar, who, as will be remembered, ended by exiling the Grand Duke as a consequence of the marriage. The Countess's younger sister, Countess Alexandra of Merenberg, is a namesake and god-daughter of our gracious Queen. The only son, Count George, is an officer in the Prussian Army. He married, some six years ago, Princess Olga Janbiewska, the morganatic daughter of the present Czar's grandfather, Alexander II. This second alliance also was not calculated to please Nicholas II, and has probably put off still further an effectual reconciliation between the Autocrat of All the Russias and the Grand Duke Michael.

The King and Golf. King Edward is a true successor of those Stuart Kings of Scotland, as well as of Mary Queen of Scots, James I. of England, Charles I., and James II., who were all enthusiastic golfers. The new links which His Majesty ordered to be prepared at Windsor have now been finished, and once more the kingdom is ruled by a golfer. It is a curious fact that from the death of James II. to the Accession of King Edward none of our Sovereigns played the game themselves, though William IV. and

The New Royal Yacht.

A great transformation has been wrought in the appearance of the new Royal Yacht, which is just out of the hands of the workmen, who have been fitting up the vessel for the King's use during Cowes Regatta. By the removal of the raised forecastle and other superstructures, the look of the vessel has been much improved, whilst the tests recently made show that she is now quite a safe sea-boat. Very stately she looks, resplendent in handsomely gilded carved work at bows and stern, whilst two lines of gilded rope-moulding sweep gracefully along her sides. For the interior decoration white and gold only are used. The prettiest effect of this can be seen in the deck-saloon, which is a very fine apartment and can be used either for dining or reception purposes. The suites of cabins for the King, Queen, and other members of the Royal Family lie at the forward end of this saloon, but on the deck next below. On the port side are the sleeping-apartments and other rooms; on the starboard side the dining- and drawing-rooms. Handsome chintzes cover the walls of these, and they are beautifully furnished, though without any show of ostentation.

The Royal Gardener at Sandringham.

In the appointment of Mr. T. H. Cook, lately head-gardener to the Earl of Wemyss at Gosford, to a similar post under the King at Sandringham, we have another incontestable proof of the growing devotion of our beloved Monarch to the health-ensuring pastime of golf. Mr. Cook, it goes without saying, is one of the most capable landscape-gardeners in the country; and, in his service, first with the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, at Whittingehame, and then with Lord Wemyss at Gosford, whither James V. was wont to seek refuge from the distractions of State affairs in the exercise of the Royal game to which every member of his house



THE QUEEN'S HALF-MOON PANSY-BEDS AT SANDRINGHAM, IN WHICH HER MAJESTY IS SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

lent unfaltering allegiance, Mr. Cook has not only acquired an ardent liking for the game, but has become a specialist in everything pertaining to golf. The suggestion of Mr. Cook's promotion came originally, it is said, from a distinguished member of a leading Club in the Northern Metropolis, and it is significant that when, by Royal command, Mr. Cook journeyed to Sandringham to see His Majesty about his appointment, he found the King in golfing attire on the green at Sandringham.

The appointment of head gardener at Sandringham was necessitated by the promotion, given effect to by King Edward shortly after his Accession, of Mr. Archibald McKellar, long chief gardener at His Majesty's Norfolk home, to the highest rank in his calling—that of head gardener at Windsor. Like Mr. Cook, his successor at Sandringham, Mr. McKellar was born north of the Tweed; and, previous to entering the King's service, he gained distinction in his vocation as gardener-in-chief at Floors Castle, near Kelso, the palatial northern home of the Duke of Roxburghe.

The Duke's Installation.

The ceremony of installing the Duke of Connaught as Most Worshipful Grand Master of English Freemasons took place in the Albert Hall on Wednesday afternoon last, precisely as was outlined in *The Sketch* of July 17, when it was our privilege to give portraits of His Royal Highness and of Pro-Grand Master Earl Amherst, who was the installing officer. The spectacle when the nine thousand Masons present paid homage to the new Grand Master, and sang "God Save the King," was one of the most impressive ever witnessed in the royal hall. It was a pity a cool million was left out of the official report of Earl Amherst's statement of the magnificent total of the contributions to Masonic charities during the twenty-six years His Majesty, as Prince of Wales, was Grand Master. The colossal sum subscribed was nearly £1,750,000—not merely £750,000, as printed in the *Times*, *Telegraph*, *Standard*, and other dailies—and the above sum was exclusive of the £75,000 given this year to the three great benevolent institutions. That such a big mistake should have been committed was the more singular as the Duke of Connaught was made to say that "nearly £2,000,000 had been contributed during the late Grand Mastership, and £20,000 outside Masonry."

The Duke as a Commander.

The Duke of Connaught's régime as Commander of the Forces in Ireland, although, so far, it has in the main been uneventful, save for the departure of units for South Africa, has been marked by extremely cordial relationships between His Royal Highness and the Staff not only at Dublin, but also of the great Field Command at The Curragh of Kildare. Soldiers know the Duke's motto to be "Thorough" in all he does. His Royal Highness possesses in a marked degree that extraordinary faculty, of remembering not only the faces but the names of people he may previously have met, which is so strongly characteristic of the King and the Duke of Cornwall and York—in fact, the characteristic which is so remarkably developed in nearly all the direct descendants of the late Queen. The Duke's tenure of the Irish Command has, for obvious reasons, been a quiet one. He has entertained but little, and taken but small part in the public or social life of the Irish Capital. With the Duchess, who is an accomplished horsewoman, he has hunted pretty regularly

The ceremony of installing the Duke of Connaught as Most Worshipful Grand Master of English Freemasons took place in the Albert Hall on

means a rich man, his private benefactions and bounty have been very considerable. One, however, hears very little of these—indeed, seldom, if at all, because "he doesn't advertise." If ever Aldershot, where he served for five years as the head of the station and garrison, parted with



From a Photo.]

CAPTAIN SIR F. HERVEY-BATHURST, BART. (GRENADIER GUARDS),

WHO ARE TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.



[Photo by Costellia.

HON. MOIRA O'BRIEN, SISTER OF LORD INCHIQUIN,

a Commander with genuine and unfeigned regret, it was when the Duke of Connaught's term came to an end. Aldershot never had a more painstaking or devoted chief.

Interesting Military Wedding. A very smart Society wedding took place at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, on Monday afternoon (the 22nd), when Captain Algernon R. Trotter, D.S.O., of the 2nd Life Guards (who was "A.D.C." to General Sir Redvers Buller in South Africa, and now holds the same position at Aldershot), eldest son of Major-General Sir Henry Trotter, was married to the Lady Edith Montgomerie, younger daughter of the Earl of Eglinton and Winton, of Eglinton Castle, Ayrshire, N.B. Beautiful white flowers and tall palms helped, with the bright summer toilettes of the ladies, to make the scene in the church a most picturesque one. The gallant bridegroom had his brother, Captain G. Trotter, of the Grenadier Guards, as best man, and the Rev. Canon Scott Holland, with the Vicar of St. Paul's Church, the Rev. Prebendary Montague Villiers, tied the nuptial knot.

The Bride and her Small Attendants.

Very sweet looked the bride (as she walked up the aisle, leaning on her father's arm) in her wedding-robe of pearl-white satin veiled with chiffon and lace, and a full Court-train of beautiful silver brocade, while her tulle veil covered a spray of orange-blossoms. She was followed by five smart little pages, Lord Grey de Wilton and Masters Mure, Portal, Roberts, and Laurie, and five tiny maids, the Misses North, Mure, FitzRoy, Lawford, and Beckett. Over five hundred guests were invited to the subsequent reception held at 17, Hill-Street, Berkeley Square (lent by Lord and Lady O'Neill), and later in the afternoon, amid the hearty congratulations of their assembled relations and friends, Captain and Lady Edith Trotter left for Farrington, near Swindon, kindly lent for the honeymoon by Mr. and Mrs. Kingscote. The presents were magnificent and could be counted in their hundreds.

To-Day's Wedding. This afternoon (the 24th) there is another military wedding at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, the bridegroom, Captain Sir Frederick Hervey-Bathurst, Bart., of the Grenadier Guards, having also recently returned from "the Front," while the bride, the Hon. Moira O'Brien, is the second of Helen Lady Inchiquin's charming daughters, and a typical dark-eyed Irish girl. Her father was the fourteenth Baron Inchiquin, and she is a half-sister of the present Peer. A number of stalwart Guardsmen are to line the centre aisle, and the Rev. Prebendary Montague Villiers officiates, assisted by the Rev. Stopford Ram. Lord Inchiquin will lead the bride up the aisle. Another South African hero, in the person of Lord Loch, D.S.O., will be the best man; and the bride's two sisters, the Hon. Clare and the bridegroom's sister, Miss Hervey-Bathurst, and Lady Edith Villiers, are the bridesmaids, and have selected cool white muslin dresses trimmed with cream lace, and large white straw hats adorned with white roses. There will not be any formal reception after the ceremony, and early in the afternoon Captain Sir Frederick and the Hon. Lady Hervey-Bathurst will leave for beautiful Devon, where they will spend the honeymoon.



From a Photo.]

CAPTAIN A. R. TROTTER, D.S.O. (2ND LIFE GUARDS), SON OF MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HENRY TROTTER,

WHO WERE MARRIED ON MONDAY LAST AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.



[Photo by Bullingham.

LADY EDITH MONTGOMERIE, DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF EGLINTON AND WINTON,

whenever his duties permitted of his doing so, and, as Governor of the Royal Hospital at Kilmainham, an appointment which is attached to that of the command of the troops in Ireland, he has endeared himself—and so, indeed, has the Duchess, despite her naturally retiring manner—to the inmates. His concern for their welfare has been unremitting, and it is said that he knows the name of nearly every pensioner and scholar. His cheeriness is proverbial, and, although until quite recently by no

Eileen O'Brien, with and Lady Edith Villiers, are the bridesmaids, and have selected cool white muslin dresses trimmed with cream lace, and large white straw hats adorned with white roses. There will not be any formal reception after the ceremony, and early in the afternoon Captain Sir Frederick and the Hon. Lady Hervey-Bathurst will leave for beautiful Devon, where they will spend the honeymoon.

The King's Pheasants.

One of the prettiest and most interesting sights to be witnessed in Windsor Park just now is the feeding of the King's young pheasants, fattening for the cartridge when the umbered autumn leaves shall fall. To reach these the pedestrian must leave the beaten track and seek a course through the wild and delightful heath country which lies between the statue at the head of the Long Walk and the Hunt Cup Course at Ascot. The birds have been hatched out in coops, which stand in serried ranks in a sheltered vale, and they are jealously guarded night and day. The attendant walks down the rows with a basket of corn, which he sheds right and left to the accompaniment of a soft, cooing note. It is a pretty sight to watch the young birds swarming round him, and running about in hundreds at his slowly progressing feet. A remarkable feature of the Park, too, just at eventide is the display of rabbits. They scamper away from the approaching pedestrian literally in thousands, and, where the herbage was dotted with their little brown bodies a few seconds before, there is a vision of tiny acrobatic feats, flashing white tails, and then an utter absence of life save the buzzing of the bees or the cooing of the wild wood-pigeon.

The King's Equerry.

The quietly attired, stately, elderly gentleman who is so frequently seen in company with the King is Major-General Sir Stanley de Astel Calvert Clarke, His Majesty's Equerry. The father of Sir Stanley formerly commanded the Scots Greys, and the King's Equerry, who is nearing his sixty-fourth birthday, served in the 13th Light Dragoons, joining that regiment forty-six years ago. From 1871 till his retirement seven years ago, Sir Stanley Clarke was connected with the 4th Hussars. He served with the Light Camel Corps and was wounded in the Nile Campaign of 1884-5. Some years prior to his retirement, he entered the Royal service, and acted as Equerry-in-Waiting to the King when Prince of Wales, and as Private Secretary to the Princess of Wales.

The Coronation Chair.

The ancient chair in Westminster Abbey in which all the Sovereigns of England from the time of Edward I. have been crowned, always an object of interest as it is, is now receiving increased attention, in view of the auspicious ceremonial which is to take place next June within the venerable walls of the Abbey. Under the Coronation Chair is the celebrated Stone of Destiny, or Jacob's Pillow, as it has been called, from an old belief that the stone was the one on which the patriarch's head rested when he dreamed of seeing the ladder which reached to heaven. There was, in early times, a tradition that the stone was originally taken from Palestine to Egypt, and thence to Scotland. Some have asserted that the stone is of meteoric origin, but geological investigations disprove this. Brought to Scone Castle in 834 by King Kenneth of Scotland, it remained there till 1296, when Edward I. destroyed the Royal residence of Scone and took the stone and ancient Coronation Chair to Westminster. The famous stone was once carved, gilded, and painted, but these decorations have entirely disappeared. At His Majesty's Coronation, as was the case when Queen Victoria was crowned, the Stone of Destiny will be covered with cloth-of-gold.

Mar Lodge: Its Owners and their Guests.

After a brief stay at Duff House, near Banff, whither the Duke and Duchess of Fife and their children are about to repair, the end of the summer and on until about the middle of autumn will be spent by the Duke and Duchess at Mar Lodge, their princely home on the Dee. Much of the exquisite interior decoration of the new Lodge, it will surprise not a few to learn, was designed by the Duchess herself, the mantelpiece and wall-decoration being a simple yet extremely

artistic arrangement of fruits, ferns, or flowers gathered by her own hands. As a matter of course, the Duke and Duchess will spend a good deal of time by the waters of the Dee, both being devoted and accomplished anglers. Princess Victoria, by the way, is quite as keen, and nearly as successful, a handler of the rod as her sister; but



A LOVE GAME: MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AS JOAN TREVELYAN IN "SWEET AND TWENTY."

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Princess Charles, on the other hand, has never taken kindly to the sport. The three daughters of the King will all be at Mar Lodge in the autumn, when Princess Charles will be accompanied by her husband, who is very fond of shooting, though, like the King and the Duke of Cornwall and York, he does not care much for deer-stalking.

Ellen Terry's Garden.

Terry. And her small domain there, set almost *into* the old archway leading to the village, is in summer a miniature Paradise—the sunniest, sweetest cottage, covered in honeysuckle and roses, its garden a profusion of flowers, while in the grass-plot stands an old apple-tree, on the seat beneath which Marcus Stone would like to pose one of his beautiful models. The view from the terrace, with its trellised vine, overlooking upland, marsh, and sea, is unsurpassable, and the sloping orchard on the side of the hill is full of ox-eyed daisies and "repose." In contrast to the sea and marsh are the dales and shady lanes where Thackeray dreamt out his "Denis Duval," and through another gateway is seen the farm where the pigeon-messengers arrived with news from the smugglers. Miss Terry finds little time to indulge herself in her "cottage on the hill," but she sometimes lets it to those who, like herself, love beauty and peace.

A Tall Bridegroom-Elect.

Quite the engagement of the moment is that of Captain Oswald Ames, the tallest officer in the British Army as well as one of the best-looking and most popular of Guardsmen, to pretty Miss Violet Cecil, the granddaughter of the much-discussed Anglo-Scottish millionaire, Sir William Cunliffe Brooks. The wedding will take place in the autumn, and will bring together quite a band of heroes, for Captain Ames has many friends returning from "the Front." Miss Cecil was one of her millionaire grandfather's legatees, and so had cause to rejoice at the recent legal decisions concerning the validity of his will.



MISS ELLEN TERRY'S COTTAGE AND GARDEN AT WINCHELSEA.

Photo by Helena Padgett.

Bisley. The Sketch earnestly hopes that the outcome of the recent National Rifle Association Meeting at Bisley will be the institution throughout Great Britain of a series of Rifle Clubs, in which the rising generation may learn to become crack shots, and thus feed the Yeomanry and Volunteer regiments with efficient sharpshooters. As pointed out in a special article at the opening of our "Tir National," the Canadian team and their gallant Commandant have been among the most welcome visitors to Bisley this year, representing as they have done, with their Colonial brethren from other climes, that Imperial union which is for us the dominating idea of the first year of the New Century. It is a pleasure to print a fresh portrait of Colonel Tilton, who well merits the popularity he enjoys among his brother Canadians.

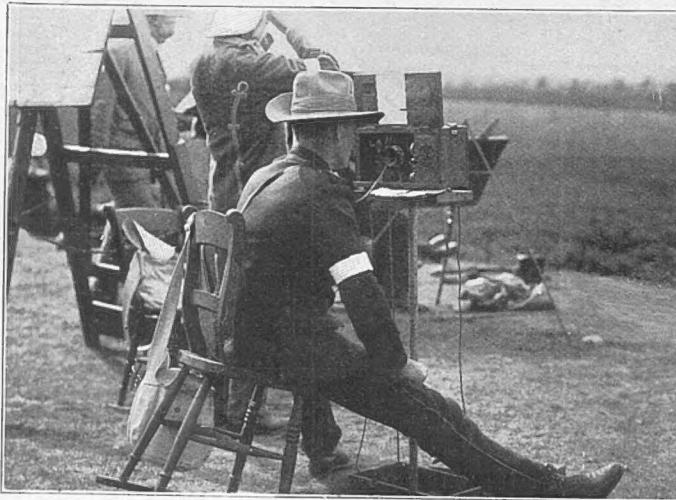
The Elcho Shield. England once more won the match for the Elcho Shield. By far the greater number of competitors in the great international Match-Rifle Competition fired with the Austrian Mannlicher, even Colonel J. Dutton Hopton, the Chief Inspector of Small Arms, who made the top score for the winning team. The best score in the match, 215, was made by Lieutenant Ranken, of the 6th V.B. Royal Scots, an old Oxford University shot. The English win was a good one, but Scotland were only fourteen points behind, while the Irish total was ten less than that of Scotland.

Fine Shooting. "Tall" scoring was the order of day after day at the very successful meeting of the National Rifle Association at Bisley. The number of "highest possibles" recorded in the various events, especially those fired with the Service rifle, has been

thing—you may know that he has never been in a marking-pit in his life when a good deal of shooting has been going on. To be able to appreciate the difficulty of the markers, one must have been a marker oneself. The difficulties of the markers are already enormous, and, if the "bull" were reduced, more time would, in the long run, be consumed in the course of a competition than is now occupied by shooting off tie-shots. Some people advocate an inner "bull" or "Carton" line within the black disc, which should be invisible to the firer. There is certainly something to be said in favour of this idea, but, in opposition, it will, no doubt, be urged that it would add to existing marking difficulties, though possibly not quite so much as the reduction of the size of the "bull" itself would, and complicate the calculation of scores by adding a new shot-value—six—for the central "bull." What will be done? No doubt, the Council, who are apparently in a quandary, would be glad of a hint.

Mrs. Rosling. Mrs. Rosling, wife of Mr. Rosling, N.R.A., shot finely in the Revolver Competition at Bisley. She is a remarkably steady shot, with the clear, fine eye of a sharpshooter. In the Eley she scored five "bulls" and four inners, counting 39 points out of 42 possible. In deliberate series she made a similarly good score. Mrs. Rosling is a worthy successor of Miss Leale (of Jersey), who shot so well some few years ago.

A Compliment to Eastbourne. The reigning Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe has paid Eastbourne a deserved compliment by coming over for a stay of about a month to the Grand Hotel of that most delightful watering-place. The Prince is not much over fifty, and none of his children have yet married.



AT BISLEY: A HIT CLAIMED.

Telephoning from the range to the butts, a frequent occurrence during the Final Stage of the King's Prize.

greater than ever, and it has produced a state of things that is similar in many respects—except that it is now present in an aggravated form—to that which the Council were confronted with at the end of the 1899 meeting, namely, the necessity of doing something to break down the "tall" scoring. Tie-shooting is never satisfactory, and it is more or less unfair, because it entails a mental strain which some natures can stand very much better than others. For instance, what negotiable chance has a "tyro" in shooting off a tie with a crusted old "pot hunter" who has made rifle-shooting much more than a pastime for years (and there are such)? But this perhaps is, from the position of the executive, a little wide of their "point of view," which is, no doubt, to avoid the continual waste of time involved in "shooting off" so large a number of ties and the keeping open so repeatedly of the score-registers a day after they should have been closed.

It will, no doubt, be remembered that last year, principally with the object of breaking down totals, the Council enforced the standing position at two hundred yards. This proved extremely unpopular. Shooting-men would have none of it. They spurned it, and stayed away. The executive eventually capitulated before empty coffers which should have been filled with entrance-fees. The standing position, although not a military position, in the sense that in these days a man would not advance to shoot his foe in the battlefield standing, is unquestionably the strongest academic position that could be devised. Teach a man first to stand properly on his feet, then to raise a rifle to his shoulder and to hit a mark, and it may be guaranteed with absolute safety that he can shoot in any position the emergency of the moment may necessitate. Nevertheless, the capitulation of the Council was complete, and now they must do something else. The accuracy of the present rifle baffles them.

The Target. What that something else will be, of course, no one yet knows, but people talk glibly of reducing the size of the target or of the bull's-eye. Well, this sounds all very fine; but, whenever a man talks airily about reducing the size of the present targets or the diameter of the "bull"—it is much the same



COLONEL TILTON, COMMANDING THE CANADIAN RIFLE TEAM AT BISLEY.



MRS. ROSLING, WIFE OF MR. ROSLING, N.R.A., SHOOTING IN THE REVOLVER COMPETITION AT BISLEY.

Hats in the House. It is amusing to see Members coming down to the House with straw or soft hats on their heads, and then appearing inside with the conventional silk-hat. Only a few of the more daring men break the old-fashioned practice. A Nationalist has been trying to resemble a Boer by his enormous slouch-hat with down-turned brim. Quite a sensation was caused when Colonel Saunderson appeared in the Lobby wearing a white low hat along with the black frock-coat. The combination gave him a most unconventional air. Usually the Colonel dresses scrupulously in the fashion. When he

*Coaching in
Lancashire and
Yorkshire.*

The long spell of heat and drought through which we are passing is certainly favourable to coaching, though it may be disastrous to cereals and root-crops. The wealthy Lancashire Merchant Kings have this year put one or two coaches on the road, and the villagers on the old highways are once more treated to the cheery sound of the horn. One of the best-appointed coaches seen out this summer is "The Venture," which runs from Scarborough to Harrogate and vice versa on alternate days. "The Venture" is the property of two very popular North Country sportsmen, Mr. Matthew Liddell and Mr. Lewis Priestman to wit. Both are expert whips.

Something of a sensation is caused at Scarborough when the hour for departure arrives, and quite a fashionable crowd assembles to witness the start. The route lies *via* Malton, York, and Weatherly to Harrogate. A great feature of the journey is the strict accuracy with which the time is kept and the celerity of the various changes. The old team is out and the new one in generally in less than two minutes. One of the pleasant features of the journey is the halt for lunch at the delightful Old Talbot, at Malton—a house replete with sporting associations. "The Venture" arrives at Harrogate at 5.50 punctually in the station-yard, giving visitors just ten minutes to catch the Southern express. Over forty horses are engaged on the journey.

A Baby Bohemian. Quite a little crowd of well-known literary and artistic folk journeyed down to Shepperton-on-Thames the other day to help Mr. Mullett Ellis, the poet and novelist, christen his son and heir. As may be seen from the photograph reproduced on this page, Creek House, Mr. Mullett Ellis's riverside residence, is a dainty and peaceful abode, well calculated to encourage the visits not only of the poet's many friends, but also of his Muse. There is other literary interest attaching to the house, for it is the one Dickens is stated to have had in his mind as the scene of the Bill Sikes burglary, the description of which has thrilled every reader of "Oliver Twist."

The window through which Oliver is supposed to have entered the house was the chief exhibit of the place—this is where we get back to our immediate subject—before the arrival of the baby. This young gentleman, who, if he only knew it, has, in Miss Hilda Spong, a very beautiful and very talented godmother, is to be brought up as a Bohemian. It will be interesting to see whether he turns out a poet, a painter, a novelist, or an architect. It is even possible that in years to come he may contest the Strand Division with some scion of the house of Smith yet unborn. Anyhow, good luck to him and to his genial father!

first entered the House, the sartorial fashion of Members was much more rigid than it is now. Colonel Saunderson was elected as long ago as 1865. He was then a Liberal. Irish politics have made him a stern Conservative, but evidently he is not unbending in the matter of dress.

An Indispensable Parliamentarian. The attack of gout which kept Mr. James William Lowther from the Committee Chair in the House of Commons last week was unfortunate for the Government. In his absence, the Closure could not be imposed in Committee. Mr. Lowther is one of the most handsome men in the House, cold in temperament, with a languid air. As he is clear-headed and imperturbable, and does not interfere unnecessarily, he makes a good Chairman. It is difficult, however, for some of the Nationalists to recognise the fairness of any man in his position. The extremists suspect Mr. Lowther because he is married to a niece of the Prime Minister. Her mother, the wife of Mr. Beresford-Hope, was the sister of Mr. A. J. Balfour's mother, and one of the Chairman's children is called Arthur James. Mr. Lowther is a cousin of the Earl of Lonsdale. He has had a long spell in the Chair, and was for several years during the last Conservative Administration Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. His position is an enviable one, except in the dog-days and the late nights, when the burden becomes heavy.

Liberal Lions and Lambs. After the recent alarms and excursions in the Liberal Party, a spirit of harmony was diffused over Lady Aberdeen's charming garden-party in the beautiful grounds of the Royal Botanical Gardens. There the eager young Eighty Club lion lay down with the staid Front Bench lamb; and the company much enjoyed Mr. Ben Greet's representation of the "Comedy of Errors," though perhaps, in the circumstances, "All's Well That Ends Well" would have been a better choice. Lady Aberdeen's only daughter, Lady Marjorie Gordon, is one of the cleverest as well as prettiest of New Century débutantes. She has been educated entirely at home, and from a little child helped her mother in the latter's many philanthropic labours. She edited for some years of her young life a little magazine called *Wee Willie Winkie*, and has many literary proclivities.



A BISLEY SOUVENIR: QUEEN'S WESTMINSTERS' CAMP.
Photo by Gibbs, Kingston.



The Baby.

AN UP-RIVER CHRISTENING PARTY: MR. MULLETT ELLIS INTRODUCES HIS SON AND HEIR TO "BOHEMIA."
Photo by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.

"When Loubet is Away!"

Writing of the vacation of the President and his Ministers, the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch* says: M. Loubet likes a little shooting in the season, and etiquette demands of him to entertain shooting-parties at Rambouillet. This is the only time he ever dons a sporting-costume. He ordinarily wears, even when he travels, the customary silk-hat and frock-coat of conventionality. His tailors will never make a fortune from his orders. He was never on a motor-car but once, and that was when the exhibitors of these cars at the Fair last year persuaded him to take a turn round the grounds. He has no pleasure-yacht, and had hardly ever been on shipboard before he paid the official visit to the French Fleet last year at Toulon.

M. Delcassé. M. Delcassé never takes a vacation. When he travels, he has always a secretary or two with him, and a number of portfolios. His travelling-compartment is at once strewn over with papers, and becomes his office for the time. He gives considerable care to his dress, and the public still talks of a great-coat lined with magnificent fur which he wore to Russia last spring. He is very near-sighted, which, even if he had the taste for it, would disqualify him for sport.

M. Paul Deschanel. M. Paul Deschanel, is the only French statesman in office with fashionable Society ambitions. Thanks to a rich wife, he has, besides his enviable place, money at his disposition. He cultivates a disdainful, sphinx-like manner, which greatly impresses the populace, and one reads in his face that Society is not his only ambition. He wears a white waistcoat and frock-coat, and, wherever he is, he has the look of being insufferably bored. When he travels, it is with a mysterious incognito, which makes him appear like a personage of such importance that his presence must be veiled from the crowd.

M. Santos-Dumont. The young man who steered his air-ship round the Eiffel Tower the other day, M. Santos-Dumont, is a Brazilian, the son of a millionaire coffee-planter at San Paulo. Ever since he has been out of pinafores he has been trying, as it were, to go after the moon. And what should a "Coffee King" be doing if not affording his son the facilities in unlimited bank-drafts, since he has no way to bring the moon down? This is exactly what he has done. M. Santos-Dumont is only twenty-five years old, and he has already made his fifth "steerable balloon," which may be called a record.

Ballooning begins to rival motoring with French sportsmen, and when Caran d'Ache made a picture the other day of a motor-car run off

the earth and bowling along between Saturn and Mars he scarcely exaggerated. The balloon engineers have simply attached the petroleum motor to the balloon. Nothing is droller than to hear the talk about balloons with "so many horse-power." The Santos-Dumont No. 5 has sixteen horse-power. It will be ready in two months, and then we shall see what we shall see. M. Deutsch is building one with sixty horse-power. It is he who offers the hundred-thousand-franc prize for whoever doubles the Eiffel Tower in a certain time and under certain conditions.



THE FLYING-MACHINE OF M. SANTOS-DUMONT, WHICH WENT ROUND THE EIFFEL TOWER ON JULY 12.

Photo by Anderson, Paris.

A Peasant Princess.

They say the death of Prince Hohenlohe has put into mourning several Brittany peasants who were his brothers-in-law. The story is almost a fairytale. Once upon a time, the brother of the Princess Hohenlohe, Prince Peter of Sayn-Wittgenstein-Berleberg-Ludwigsberg, Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor of Russia, travelling in France, stopped at an inn in Brittany. The innkeeper had a daughter of marvellous beauty, and Prince Peter fell madly in love with her, and married her. It appears that she had by nature all the manners of a Princess, and so the Hohenlohes held their Brittany sister in great esteem. The lovers had a château in Brittany, and there the peasant folk adored the Princess, who was as good as she was beautiful and spent her time caring for the orphans and the poor.

Alphonse Daudet's Statue.

The exquisite taste of the French in selecting the sites for the statues of their dead glories is again instanced in the case of Alphonse Daudet. It will repose in the Avenue Gabriel, on the spot where Alfred de Musset, who so largely influenced his writings, used to sit and jot down his poetry. The same good taste led to the statue of Guy de Maupassant being placed in his well-beloved Parc Monceau.

Sarah and Coquelin Back.

Tempt her as they would, Sarah Bernhardt refused to be banqueted and feted in Paris. She was back in the city on the morning of the National Fête, she gave her free performance of the "Aiglon" in the afternoon, and then away to her sea-home at the Belle-Isle-en-Mer for a two months' well-earned lazing. She gained the blessings of the poorer folk of Paris, who worship her, by persisting that the loafers who secure the best places on the doorsteps by hours of waiting should not be allowed to concede their positions to the wealthy. She claimed that she was playing to amuse the poor, and not those who could afford to pay for places. Coquelin was meanwhile perfectly happy and enthusiastic about his approaching creation of Shakspere's Falstaff (with Beerbohm Tree as his model), and with the additional satisfaction of knowing that one of the de Rothschilds had won the hundred thousand francs in his Dramatic Artists' Benevolent Fund lottery and had handed it over to him for the good of the Fund.

The Second Champs-Elysées.

The inevitable wrangle that takes place when the Government and the Conseil Municipal have any affair to settle seems likely to lead to the abandonment of the second Champs-Elysées. It was generally understood that, when the buildings of the Exhibition were demolished, the whole of the Champ de Mars would be laid out in beautiful gardens, surrounded by palatial mansions. Unfortunately, the Government are demanding exorbitant sums for those portions of the grounds that belong to them and not to the City.



THE FLYING-MACHINE: A LITTLE ACCIDENT.

Photo by Anderson, Paris.

Lord Rosebery's Political Position. The Earl of Rosebery has during the past week written a letter on the political situation. It was sent in response to an address signed by a hundred and fourteen members of the City Liberal Club, who had asked him to attend their meeting on July 19, and to express his views. The result is that all England, and a good part of the world beyond, is talking about Lord Rosebery to-day, about the man who once was Prime Minister, and who may be Prime Minister again.

Archibald Philip Primrose, fifth Earl of Rosebery, is fifty-four years of age. He was born May 7, 1847, at 20, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, London. When he was fourteen years of age, it is recorded that, after a schoolboy speech, Mr. James Dundas of Dundas, a neighbour of the Roseberys in Scotland, who heard the speech, ventured to prophesy that the speaker would become Prime Minister of England. The schoolboy greatly impressed his schoolmaster, the famous Mr. William Cory, who during the tuition days wrote of the pupil: "He will be an orator; and, if not a poet, such a man as poets delight in."

As Lord Dalmeny the student had a notable career at Oxford. On the death of his grandfather, in 1868, he succeeded to the earldom, his father having died many years before. The young Earl made his first speech in the House of Lords in 1871. He quickly made his mark, attracting especially the notice and admiration of Mr. W. E. Gladstone. He several times held office under Mr. Gladstone, and twice was Foreign Secretary. He was chosen four times Chairman of the London County Council. Mr. Gladstone in 1894 retired from political life. He was then Prime Minister. He nominated the Earl of Rosebery as his successor, and on March 2, 1894, Lord Rosebery accepted office as Prime Minister. His Government was defeated in June 1895, and the Liberal Party was defeated at the General Election which followed. On Oct. 8, 1896, he resigned the Leadership of the Liberal Party, which he now says he has no desire to resume.

Bad-Nauheim. Bad - Nauheim, where Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein is going to sojourn for a month or five weeks, is (writes "A Traveller") an unpretentious little town near Frankfort-on-the-Main. When I first visited the place, some years ago, it was about as dead-alive a spot as could be found in Europe. Everybody seemed afraid to speak, and the few words spoken seemed impregnated with the salt of the springs. Affections of the heart are the maladies for which the cure is undergone, and the treatment is not altogether pleasant. Suddenly, Royal personages took up Nauheim, and when the unfortunate Empress of Austria became a patient the fame of the Bad spread over the entire world, and all sorts and conditions of men and women flocked to the new Bethesda. Consequently, life there is almost enjoyable nowadays, but everything is conducted on the quiet scale—no crashing music, no champagne-corks, no gambling.

The Carnegies at Skibo Castle. There was an interesting though informal ceremony in Skibo Castle the other day, when Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie were presented with an address from their servants and dependents on the estate, expressing their thanks for their laird's kind gift of a year's wages, this being the manner in which the philanthropic millionaire signalled his retirement from business. The testimony furnished by the address of the good-feeling subsisting between employer and employed imparted to the gift a value in the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie exceeding, they both said in reply to the presentation, the costliest article in their Highland home. Dr. Sage Mackay, a guest at Skibo, said that he had often heard Mr. Carnegie assert that the familiar words, "Heaven our Home," should be reversed, and read "Home our Heaven." Dr. Mackay had nowhere seen the ideal more fully realised than in the home of his host.

To Northern Norway. Last week a distinguished party left for a holiday in Norway, including Sir Henry Meysey-Thompson, M.P., Lady Meysey-Thompson, and members of their family. They will be the guests of Sir Henry Pottinger, Lady Meysey-Thompson's father, at his sporting residence,

Mo, near Salznaes. Mo is renowned for its elk-shooting and salmon-fishing, and, as the estate is about the size of Yorkshire, it may be believed that even so ardent a sportsman as Sir Henry Pottinger has never traversed the whole of the district which he leases. All sorts of game abound, and several bears have fallen to Sir Henry's rifle, while his collection of elk-heads is probably unrivalled. He was the pioneer of Norwegian sport long before the "Land of the Rising Sun" became the rendezvous of Polytechnic students and yachting trippers.

Major-General O'Grady Haly. Perhaps no more popular Imperial officer ever commanded the Canadian Dominion Militia than Major-General R. H. O'Grady Haly, who has just completed his term in that command, but, to the great satisfaction of Canadians, has been granted an extension of his term of office. The command is not exactly a bed of roses, as several gallant Generals have been compelled somewhat ruefully to admit, and, in view of the popularity of Major-General O'Grady Haly, it is curious to note that when his father was Commander-in-Chief at Halifax, Nova Scotia, his popularity was such that the Canadians successfully memorialised the War Office to grant him an extension of his period of command. In spite of his Hibernian patronymic, General O'Grady Haly is

an Englishman, for he was born at Tunbridge Wells sixty years ago, and his second name, "Hebden," is that of his mother's family, the Hebdens of Ely Grange, Frant, Sussex. Besides having won distinction in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882 and the "D.S.O." for his services as commander of a column in the Hazara Expedition six years later, Major-General O'Grady Haly is a distinguished scholar and author and an all-round sportsman, and when living at home his address was "Whitegates," Frimley, Surrey.

"B.-P.'s" Return. Only three days more, and "B.-P." will set foot again on the soil of England, for on the 27th the *Saxon* is due at Southampton. The Hero of Mafeking has suffered so much from fever and overwork that he is obliged to take a period of rest, though his beloved Constabulary, we may be sure, will be ever in his thoughts. His return will recall to all our minds those stirring and anxious days when the fate of Mafeking hung trembling in the balance, and of that wonderful night when London went mad with joy at the news that "B.-P." and his gallant band of soldiers and civilians had been really and truly relieved. Mrs. Baden-Powell, the hero's venerable mother, and his sister, Miss Baden-Powell, will be in town to welcome him.



LORD ROSEBERY DELIVERING HIS MEMORABLE ORATION IN EDINBURGH IN 1896.

"Now, gentlemen, I have gladly come forward on this occasion to lay down the proud post of leader of the Liberal Party with one object alone—in order to promote unity!"—From Lord Rosebery's great speech in Edinburgh on Oct. 8, 1896, announcing his resignation of the leadership of the Liberal Party.

From the Drawing by H. M. Paget. Copied by courteous permission of Messrs. Hutchinson from "Lord Rosebery: His Life and Speeches," by Thomas F. G. Coates.

working so smoothly as that of Malta. Sir Reginald has won golden opinions for the skill and ability with which he has continued the work begun in such masterly fashion by Lord Kitchener.

A New Lord-Lieutenant. Lord Moncreiff, the new Lord-Lieutenant of Kinross, is one of the most popular men in Scotland, although his father—in his day perhaps the most famous of Scottish lawyers and Judges—was more feared than loved by his fellow-countrymen. Although he is owner of the quaintly named Tulliebole Castle, a fine place in the county of which he has just been appointed Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Moncreiff is never happier than when in Edinburgh, where much of his life has been spent since he left Cambridge. He is just sixty-one, but hale and hearty, and has had much to do with reviving the national Scottish game of golf. The Moncreiffs are a notable clan, but, curiously enough, Lord Moncreiff is not directly related to any of the better-known people who bear the same name, and who include Sir Robert Drummond Moncreiffe, one of the magnates of Perthshire.



SOME DAINTY MODES—FOR DAINTY MEN.

NOW that the summer holidays are upon us, many of my readers are writing in to ask my advice as to what they shall and what they shall not take with them to the seaside in the way of clothing. I will, therefore, endeavour to run through the holiday wardrobe of the really well-dressed man, and give my correspondents the benefit of my own experience in the matter. Firstly, then, with regard to flannels. Every man nowadays wears flannels at the seaside, but, somehow or other, Mr. Allbut-Robinson manages to look much smarter in them than his neighbour, Mr. Nearly-Smith. Mr. Nearly-Smith is naturally annoyed by the fact, and he will, therefore, be wise to pay some attention to the pattern of his flannel and the cut of his suit. Personally, I am having some sweet things made of a yellowish-grey material, relieved here and there with irregular stripes of pink. The trousers, which I shall wear slightly fuller than those that I took with me to Margate last year, and which were so much admired in the Hall by the Sea and elsewhere, will be gathered in at the ankle to set off to the best advantage my chamois-leather-topped boots.

There is a difference of opinion in the best West-End Clubs with regard to the use of the cummerbund. At Henley, however, I noticed one or two particularly choice things in this line. Dear Lord Ling, for example, whose little trouble out Chelsea way has, I am told, been quite amicably settled, was wearing a green silk cummerbund flecked with khaki and magenta. His very ample figure, of course, helps greatly to set off a garment of this kind; but, then, the air of Dulwich is so wonderfully fattening.

I cannot say that I am entirely in agreement with those of my correspondents who advocate the wearing of a bowler-hat with flannels. My objection, of course, applies rather to black than to brown bowlers. A brown bowler is always neat and gentlemanly, and may even be worn, in Scotland or the Channel Islands, with a frock-coat. But there is something so very uncompromising about a black bowler that seems to set it apart as more suitable for afternoon calls in town than for the seaside. For myself, I always wear a neat Panama-hat with my Club ribbon. Here, of course, I am singularly fortunate in being a member of the Denmark Hill Corelli Society, whose colours—cerise and orange with a diagonal stripe of mauve—suit my tawny complexion and auburn moustache to a nicely.

My readers being now quite arranged for as regards their costume for the Parade or the boarding-house verandah, I feel that I ought to say a few words—if my lady-readers will allow me—on the subject of men's bathing-dresses. So many men nowadays take advantage of a trip to the seaside to remove the dust and grime of a year in London that it seems a pity that something should not be done to render their appearance on the edge of the waves a little more elegant than has been the custom hitherto. With this end in view, I have gone to the trouble of thinking out a smart bathing-costume for men which rather resembles full Court-dress—only more so. The calves of the legs may, of course, be padded according to the discretion of the bather, but I should not advise the use of *cork* padding, as it is usually considered more comfortable to keep the legs rather below than above the head whilst swimming. I regret that I have not the space at my disposal to describe



the dress more completely, but I shall be pleased to send a paper pattern and full directions for making, post-free, to any address in the United Kingdom on receipt of twenty-four shilling stamps.

Just a word, now, as to *etceteras*. It is by the details of his attire, after all, that the perfect gentleman is known, and it often distresses me to see otherwise nice young men going about in shirts, collars, ties, boots, gloves, and so forth which do not suit them; and are not at all in keeping with the rest of their equipment. With regard to shirts, then, it is impossible to get a really smart, well-furnished article for less than half-a-crown, or, at the least, two-and-three. It is far better, in the long run, to get a good thing and pay a reasonable price for it. Some of the members of my Club, I understand, pay as much as three-and-three for their shirts and change them quite frequently, but these folk, of course, are among the fortunate ones of the earth who manage to make their livings when other people are not looking. The ordinary man should be content with a good half-crown shirt, pink or green for preference, and with detachable cuffs. He will also require a few white fronts to wear with his evening-dress, but these can be obtained very cheaply and will last a considerable time without washing if his dress-waistcoat be cut fairly high.

The question of ties, again, is an all-important matter. Personally, I prefer a soft, red tie, gathered together with a smart ring. This year, however, a mixture of purple and khaki has been a good deal worn, and I am bound to admit that the combination is both *chic* and tasteful. At a dance, by the way, the collar and tie should never be discarded until after supper, and then not without the express permission of your partner.

On a future occasion, I hope to deal rather fully with the subject of seaside etiquette, and I must ask my numerous correspondents who have written to me on this all-important subject to watch this column for a decisive answer to their queries. In the meantime, they might do worse than consult my little manual (price twopence) entitled "The Whelk, and How to Eat It."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BRAYLEY.—Yes. Khaki waistcoats with Union Jack buttons are all the rage now. They may be worn with a bland smile either in a hansom-cab or up the river.

CHARLIE JONES.—Many thanks for the description of the cycling-stockings. They should be very attractive. I hope Arthur finds his dress-suit comfortable. He looked quite regal from where I sat.

E. WAY.—It is not usual, in this country, to show the servant your ticket-of-leave when you pay a call. They are rather advanced in the Colonies, aren't they?

MASTER THOMAS.—So sorry to hear that your new boots don't match the Dutch pictures! Why not change the pictures?

THRUSH.—So glad to hear the christening went off well! Your light flannel suit with the early century knickerbockers must have looked sweet in church.

NIL DESPERANDUM wants to know if there is any reason why he shouldn't wear pink braces with a blue shirt. I don't know of any. On the contrary, I imagine there are several reasons why he should.

BERTIE.—Thank you for your kind letter and the nice things you have to say about myself. With regard to the Editor, I think you had better address him personally. I will now proceed to answer your questions *seriatim*. (1) Certainly you might try the mixture you mention, although, taking into consideration the fact that you are slightly piebald, perhaps "Circus Brand" might suit you better. (2) It depends entirely on the lady. Some might; others mightn't. See reply to "Thrush." (3) Not at all. (4) Yes, they are an excellent firm; but don't, on any account, tell them I said so. (5) It is not absolutely necessary to enclose a stamp when you write to me, but I prefer that you should do so. I have so much private correspondence. (6) Go along with you!

LITTLE FRANKIE.—Sorry to hear the rabbit is dead, but hardly surprised. You sheared him at the wrong time of year.



"Chic"

THE ROYAL IRISH
YACHT CLUB.

KINGSTOWN REGATTA was held on July 18 and 19, under the auspices of the Royal Irish Yacht Club. This Club received its present Royal Warrant in the year 1846, the Marquis of Donegall being the Commodore. He was succeeded by Earl Granard, who in turn was succeeded by the present Commodore, the Marquis of Ormonde, who has occupied the position for the last twenty-eight years, and has this year been chosen His Majesty's successor as Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

The handsome rooms of the Club are decorated with many pictures, the chief of which are in the Reading-room, consisting of an oil-painting of Mr. Brindley Hone, who retires this year from the position of Rear-Commodore, which he has held for the last twenty-eight years; a Dutch seascape by W. Booth-Pearsall; "Malahide Beach," by Nathaniel Hone, R.H.A.; and a large painting of the late Joseph Todhunter, Honorary Secretary to the Club for over twenty years, painted in the year 1865.

In the Card-room is a large painting, by the late Sir Thomas Jones, P.R.H.A., of Daniel J. O'Connell, who was drowned in the last Single-handed Yacht Race in Dublin Bay, June 1872. There is a painting of the yacht *Gitana*, by Nathaniel Hone, R.H.A., in 1848, and a painting of the yacht *Formosa*, at one time the property of King Edward. The Smoking-room (of which a view by Chancellor is given) contains many photographs of racing-yachts, and also a painting



THE MARQUIS OF ORMONDE, COMMODORE OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON AND THE ROYAL IRISH YACHT CLUB.

Library, for whom he is building a house at Skibo. Mr. Morrison had prepared a biography of Mr. Carnegie, but, at the multi-millionaire's request, the publication of the memoir has been held over meantime.



SMOKING-ROOM OF THE ROYAL IRISH YACHT CLUB: GIVEN APROPOS OF KINGSTOWN REGATTA.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

of the mail-steamer *Leinster* leaving Kingstown Harbour, by Matthew Hendrick, R.H.A., Marine Painter to the Club in 1866, and another of the opening cruise of the Royal Irish Yacht Club, by Rogers.

MR. CARNEGIE'S GIFTS.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie would need a very active Boswell, for his donations for Free Libraries crop up so frequently, the latest being £15,000 to Hamilton, under certain conditions; £15,000 for Coatbridge, £3000 for Annan, and £3500 for Kelso. At this latter beautiful Tweedside town the library is still in existence from which young Walter Scott borrowed books, one of which, Bishop Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry"—still there—gave a powerful bent to his mind in the direction of Border poetry and romance. The Carnegie Trust Deed setting aside two million pounds sterling for all time coming for the Scottish Universities has just been recorded in the books of Scottish Council and Session. The largest amount ever charged at the Deeds Office, the sum of £5000, was paid for this deed. Moreover, if what a member of the New York Chamber of Commerce has to say be true, that Mr. Carnegie has still some fifty-six millions sterling to give away in public benefactions, then he has a busy time before him. His Scottish referee in connection with Free Libraries is mainly Mr. Hew Morrison, of the Edinburgh Free

THE HOUSE OF RUSSELL

ALTHOUGH the Russell Earldom was a Victorian creation, and is, as a matter of fact, only some forty years old, Earl Russell's forbears have, as everybody knows, played a great and noteworthy part in English history for five hundred years, a Russell having been made Earl of Bedford in 1550, while the family Dukedom is only about a hundred years younger. In each succeeding century, Russells have worthily served Crown and State, and more than one member of this Ducal family has ended his life on the scaffold.

WOBURN, THE FAMILY HOME.

Woburn Abbey is one of the finest places in the Kingdom. There, in suites of stately rooms, finer than any to be found in a British Palace, the Dukes and Duchesses of Bedford have often entertained Royal personages; while when their London mansion was so graced the famous Russell Gold Service, unique of its kind, has always been brought up from Woburn in the custody of quite a small army of trusted family servants and detectives. A private "Zoo" has long been a leading feature of the estate, and in the sixth Duke's time

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.,

constantly sojourned at Woburn, where several rooms are hung with splendid specimens of his work. Not one of the paintings done at



WOBURN ABBEY: SOUTH FAÇADE, FROM THE PRIVATE GARDENS.

Woburn by Landseer has ever been engraved, and this, of course, adds greatly to their value.

THE FAMOUS RACHEL, LADY RUSSELL.

Among Earl Russell's ancestresses was the Lady Russell whose name will always be revered as long as England lasts. This noble woman, one of the heroines of the seventeenth century, not only was present at her husband's trial for high treason—

That sweet saint, who sat by Russell's side
Under the judgment-seat—

but she took an active part in his defence, and after his execution, though being, as she herself touchingly put it, "a woman amazed with grief," devoted herself unremittingly to the task of vindicating his honour and memory. During her long widowhood of forty years, she lived almost entirely at Woburn, and she now lies by her husband's side in the Russell mausoleum at Chenies.

It would be difficult to find two men more utterly different than Earl Russell and his cousin, the present Duke of Bedford. The owner of Woburn Abbey, who is, of course, also one of London's greatest ground-landlords, is devoted to the country and to rural life. As a youth, he adopted a military career, and it was while serving with his regiment in India that he wooed and won his future Duchess, Miss Mary Tribe. Since he succeeded his brother, an even greater recluse than himself, the Duke has been but little seen in London Society, and he is never happier than when spending a few quiet weeks in Scotland fishing a good salmon-river, and as far as may be from the haunts of men, though he also is never averse from performing a public duty, and he has recently consented to remain Mayor of Holborn—much of his London property lying thereabouts—at the earnest desire of the inhabitants, although the Duchess's health is so delicate that they will have to be a good deal away from England.

EARL RUSSELL'S GRANDFATHER, "LORD JOHN."

Earl Russell owes his Earldom to his brilliant grandfather, the clever, capable statesman who was known to our grandfathers and grandmothers as "Lord John Russell." The younger brother of the early Victorian Duke of Bedford soon proved himself possessed of exceptional cleverness. As a youth, he stored his mind with the aid of foreign travel, and, refusing to go to Oxford, he chose instead to

FOLLOW WELLINGTON

through the Peninsular Campaign and to pay a flying visit to the great Napoleon at Elba. He entered Parliament at twenty-one, and found himself, after a comparatively short time, with a seat in the Cabinet. He became Prime Minister in 1846, and counts among the late Sovereign's favourite Premiers.

THE FIRST EARL RUSSELL

had several children, his eldest son, Lord Amberley, being particularly gifted, though, to the mind of his friends, somewhat eccentric. He gave, however, no proof of this in his marriage, for his wife, the Honourable Katharine Stanley, was the accomplished daughter of a noble House, among her sisters (still living) being the Dowager-Countess of Airlie, the mother of the gallant soldier whose death in action in South Africa was so deeply mourned last year, and the Countess of Carlisle. Lord and Lady Amberley lived a happy and useful life, interesting themselves greatly in social and political questions, and died within a very short

time of one another, leaving two little boys, the elder of whom is now Earl Russell.

EARL RUSSELL'S EDUCATION.

Earl Russell succeeded his venerable grandfather when thirteen years of age. Even then he held very advanced opinions, and it is on record that one of his first acts after he became a Peer, he being then a Wykehamist, was to move, during the course of a school debate, "that the House of Lords ought to be abolished, except in its judicial capacity." The motion was rejected by a large majority.

AN UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE.

Earl Russell's marriage to the daughter of the late Sir Claude Scott seems to have been unfortunate from the first, and the young Countess soon tried—and failed—to obtain a legal separation from her husband.

THE EARL'S HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE.

Earl Russell's heir-presumptive, Mr. Bertrand Russell, is some seven years younger than himself. He resembles strongly his distinguished paternal grandfather in personal appearance, and he had a most brilliant career at Cambridge, finally coming out Seventh Wrangler. His wife, Miss Alys Pearsall Smith, is American by birth, but she has spent most of her life in England, and before her marriage she was well known in the philanthropic world, especially in that section of it which has as high priestess Lady Henry Somerset. Mr. Russell is a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

EARL RUSSELL'S OTHER RELATIONS.

Probably no Peer living has a greater number of interesting and distinguished relations. The well-known writer and politician, sometime London Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, the intimate friend of Mr. Gladstone, and the author of that most amusing book, "Collections and Recollections," is one of his cousins.

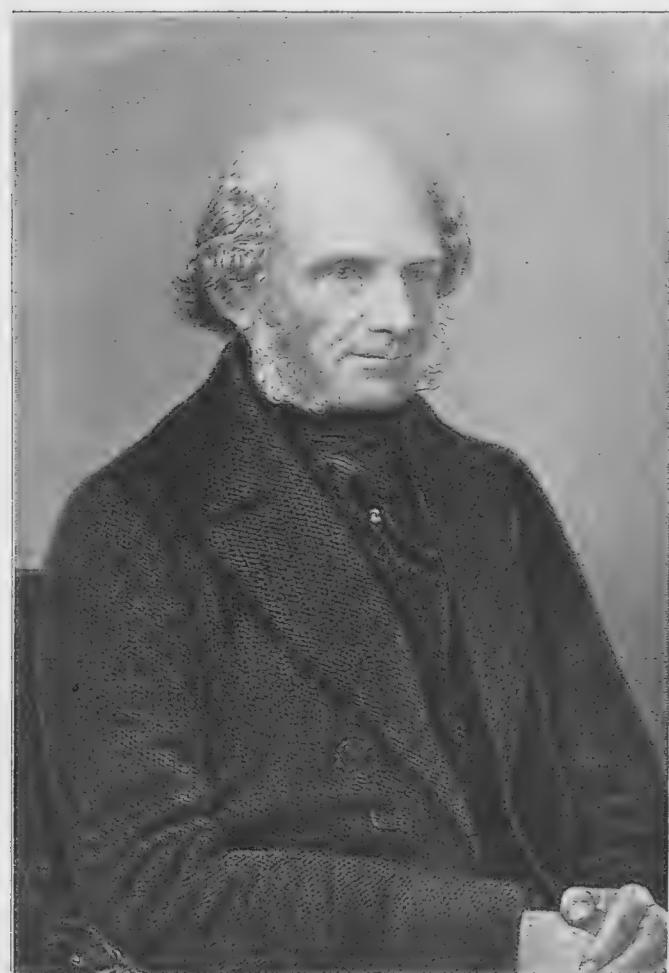
THE HOUSE OF RUSSELL: A FEW PORTRAITS.



RACHAEL WRIOTHESELEY, THE MOST FAMOUS LADY RUSSELL.
From an Engraving after Cooper.



THE HON. MRS. BERTRAND RUSSELL, MOTHER OF THE HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE.
Photo by the Cameron Studio, Mortimer Street, Regent Street, W.



EARL RUSSELL'S GRANDFATHER: "LORD JOHN."
From an Old Print.



EARL RUSSELL OF TO-DAY.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

LA TORTAJADA IN MERRY MOOD—AND SUMMER ATTIRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.





LA TORTAJADA, THE POPULAR SPANISH DANCER AND VOCALIST.

AN ARCH FAVOURITE AT THE ALHAMBRA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

TITLED PERSONAGES WHO RUN BUSINESSES.

BY PAT BROOKLYN.

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I.

A FEW years ago, the news which went the round of the Press last October—that Lord Rosebery had opened a dairy-shop in High Street, Kensington—would have created almost as much excitement as a big railway accident or the delivery of an ultimatum from a foreign Power, but now it passes almost unnoticed and uncriticised.



LORD ROSEBERY, REPUTED
DAIRYMAN.



THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY,
COAL-MERCHANT.



LORD HARRINGTON,
FRUITERER.

Ten years back, Society would have gasped with horror to think that a Peer of the Realm and an ex-Prime Minister should have done such a thing as to open a business-place and to put his name on the door or window, and the illustrated Press would have reeked with cartoons of his Lordship in his robes and coronet serving behind the counter of a dairy-shop or going round with a milk-can. But now, thank goodness, a lot of this mock pride has been dissipated, and it is becoming almost the fashion for titled persons to embark upon some business or other in which money can be made, either for their own personal benefit or as a means of helping some charity in which they are interested, or merely as a hobby and pastime.

There are, perhaps, a great many more titled personages who are now engaged in business and commercial pursuits than the general public are aware of, and so it is the writer's intention in this article to endeavour to give instances of the most prominent of these, with photos of the premises they occupy in this capacity.

The vast wealth possessed by the majority of those who come within the scope of this topical *Sketch* article will effectively do away with the idea that the businesses they have individually embarked in were undertaken for

financial gain only, as the profits would be so infinitesimally small in comparison with their own incomes as to render such a proceeding practically valueless. As a matter of fact, too, the majority of those titled personages who run businesses were in business before they received their titles, and they have only continued to carry them on as before.

To LORD HARRINGTON

belongs the distinction of being the first Peer of the Realm to actually open a London shop and to face the storm of ridicule and caricature which his action let loose upon him, and there is no doubt that it is owing to the example he set that so many of our aristocracy have since imitated him. When he decided upon opening a shop for the sale of



LORD HARRINGTON'S FRUIT-SHOP IN THE YARD OF CHARING CROSS STATION.

fruit, flowers, &c., from his country seats, he chose one of the most prominent positions to be found in London, namely, Charing Cross, where the number of pedestrians who pass every hour must total up to many thousands, and it is here that fruit and flowers grown on the Elvaston estate can be bought at reasonable prices, and it is within the power of anyone with a moderate income to deck his table with the products of a Lord's greenhouses and gardens.

The Marquis of Londonderry, the present Postmaster-General, was the first Peer to go into business as a retail coal-dealer, which he did some years ago, and by now the sight of his coal-dépôts and the carts in which his coal is delivered, and which, by the way, bear his coronet and title on them, has become so familiar to the majority of Londoners as to excite little or no notice at all. It should be explained here that his Lordship is not in business as a coal—"dealer" in the ordinary acceptance of the word, as he does not buy coal to sell again, all the coal coming from the celebrated Vane - Tempest Collieries in Durham, which he owns, and from which he draws a princely income every year. The reason which prompted his Lordship to make this departure was

to enable him to dispense with the services of middlemen and their consequent profits, and thus to control the output from his own collieries himself. A good deal of interest was aroused in the opening of his first London dépôt from the fact that it was in close proximity to the House of Lords, and the cartoons the illustrated papers came out with will still be remembered by some of my readers.

Rather a good anecdote is told apropos of the advertisement which appears outside all his dépôts to the effect that "The Marquis of Londonderry supplies best Wallsend," &c. It is that an old lady took the advertisement *literally*, and was enormously aggrieved because his Lordship did not deliver the coal *in person*, the anticipation of this event having, she said, been the sole inducement for her to order the coals. I give a portrait of his Lordship, and show also one of his dépôts at Seaham Wharf, Vauxhall: the inscription and the coronet on the board to the right of the door will be clearly noticeable.

There are three Peers who are engaged in the brewing industry, and these are

LORD IVEAGH, HIS BROTHER, LORD ARDILAUN, AND LORD BURTON.

The two former were at one time known as Mr. Edward Guinness and Mr. Arthur Edward Guinness respectively, and the latter was Mr. (afterwards Sir Arthur) Bass.

As a business-man, and one who knows his work thoroughly down to the minutest detail, Lord Burton's equal is hard to find, and an anecdote aent this is well worth repeating. It appears that on one



ONE OF THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY'S COAL-DEPOTS AT SEAHAM WHARF, LAMBETH.

occasion, when on a long and tedious railway journey, he entered into conversation with a fellow-passenger, who eventually led the conversation on to the subject of beer and brewing, being quite in ignorance of the identity of his companion. Naturally, Lord Burton had something to say on the subject, and he expressed his views on certain points which were raised in such a masterly way, and his arguments were so sound, that he surprised his fellow-traveller, who was also a brewer. Finally the latter turned to Lord Burton and said, "You seem to know a good deal about brewing, young man. Now, look here; I'm a brewer down — way, and I want an active and promising young chap to act as manager under me and push the business. I have no family, and, if he does well, there's a partnership ahead in the future. You're the man I want! Now, what do you say? Is that a good offer?"

"A most excellent one," replied Lord Burton, "and I am sorry that I cannot avail myself of it. But my name is Bass, and I have a little brewery of my own down at Burton which you may possibly have heard of."

What his companion said is not recorded, but he must have felt "small."

So far, only one Peeress has had the courage to voluntarily encounter the troubles and worries of a business, and she is

THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTESS OF WARWICK,

who is known from one end of the kingdom to the other as among the most charming women of the day, as well as one of the cleverest business-women. Lady Warwick's connection with business commenced when, as Lady Brooke, she was anxious to help the daughters of the tenants on her estate in Essex to earn their own living without being compelled to leave home or go into service. For some time, her

Ladyship was at a loss as to how this eminently desirable end was to be achieved, until at last the idea struck her to open a school of needlework, with a shop in connection with it as a medium for disposing of the work done in the school, and so the school was started and the pretty little shop in Bond Street opened.

The venture was a complete success, and now the school is entirely self-supporting, as Lady Warwick intended it should be from the first, for she realised that this was the only way to make the scheme a permanent success, and in order to gain this end she spared no personal trouble or expense.

Lately she has inaugurated a branch of the Agricultural College at Reading for lady students, and there is little doubt that in a short time this will be as successful as are the needlework schools and the shop in Bond Street (which has, I believe, recently changed hands). With Lady Warwick the work entailed by these schools has always been a labour of love, and there are many girls now living peacefully in their own homes who would have had to turn out into the world to face the drudgery of a domestic servant's life had it not been for the Countess and her work.



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK AND BABY.

Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street

CAPE TOWN AND THE ROYAL VISIT.

Loyal Cape Town is all agog in anticipation of the Royal visit, and great preparations are being made to welcome the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. Arches, permanent and temporary, are to be erected, and the various Municipalities of the Colony intend sending decorated "historical cars" to take part in the procession. Most appropriately, the Municipality of Ceres will send a car representative of their patron goddess, with a cornucopia displaying the products of the Municipality. What, no doubt, will most interest the Royal children left at home is the proposed present to them from the children of the Colony, for it is intended by the executive of the Ladies' Committee, of whom the Mayoress (Mrs. T. J. O'Reilly) is President, to ask the acceptance of a hardy little Basuto pony for each of their Royal Highness's children. Many other schemes are in progress, among them the inauguration of a Nurses' Home in honour of our late beloved Queen. The *Ophir* is timed to arrive in Simon's Bay on Aug. 17, and the stay in the Cape Peninsula will extend over a period of six days.



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK'S SHOP IN BOND STREET.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

Loyalty Under Fire—Eight Hours' Day for Royalties—Maffickation: New Style—“Tiddler” Statistics—Conscription, and How to Do So—An Apprentice King—Deceiving a Prince.

THIS week the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York leave Australia, where they have toured for two months and a-half, for the Cape. Soon, polyglot Cape Town (and its beautiful seaside suburbs) will be standing up waving its hat, gesticulating apoplectically with penny flags, and exploding fireworks to the general joy. And up farther north Britons will be also demonstrating their loyalty by standing up under less pleasant circumstances, presenting arms to more practical purpose, though carefully concealing all flags (especially white flags and red crosses) and organising explosions of another kind, with consequences the reverse of joyful to those in the immediate neighbourhood. Between Australia and the Cape will be a dreadfully monotonous voyage. The distance is lengthened by sailing against the trade-wind—a most unusual course for passenger-vessels. And mid-winter (the second winter the Royal Party has had this year) makes the voyage terribly cold, though eminently suitable for open-air fêtes on land in Australia. It may be questioned which is worse—the dulness of the voyage or the wear-and-tear of being on view on shore eighteen hours a-day. Yet Australian experiences must have been a variety for the Duke and Duchess. Exhibitions in buck-jumping, wood-chopping, and bullock-“punching” are a relief after the eternal foundation-stone, the inevitable bazaar, and the perpetual idiot-asylum of ceremonies at home.

The mind shudders to think of the tons of crackers and millions of miles of coloured ribbon expended in the last two months, the reams of Union Jacks and bushels of hand-squirts, the thousands of carrier-pigeons let off (to the immediate benefit of adjacent poulters), of the forests of *toi-toi* grass mowed down (for this plant largely performs the office of the European “tiddler” in Australia), and the multitudes of pockets picked and constitutions ruined as outward tokens of national rejoicing. Not that anything has been wasted. A blue fire or a shillings-worth of confetti is no more wasted than a good dinner is wasted. It has done its work in adding to the gaiety of a nation and developing the character of a country.

This, the importance of judicious Maffickation, has been overlooked in some parts of the Colonies, where, instead of illuminations and decorations of welcome, a large donation has been voted by the authorities to a local charity. This is like the economical pawnbroker who had his son's hair cut as a birthday-present, as being more profitable than an air-gun. No doubt, it would be the action of a wise and moral nation to endow a Home for Inebriates instead of having fireworks on the King's Birthday, and during the triumphal procession of a returning Army to despatch bottles of quinine to the natives of Polynesia and ignore the presence of the troops. The Coronation ceremonial might be conducted in a hansom-cab, the Lord Mayor expending five shillings in coloured streamers, followed by a half-crown luncheon. The funds thus economised would be devoted to a new Institute for Exhausted Female Costermongers.

There was a small Continental State which had to introduce conscription to raise a guard-of-honour for a foreign Royalty, and could not fire a salute without breaking the windows in a neighbouring State. In the former Australia resembles it. It never can have an Army large enough for defence, and does not want one, for it will never be conquered. It is too large, too sparsely populated—above all, too far away from anywhere. Compare South Africa. If it takes an Army of a quarter-of-a-million men two years to conquer a few ignorant farmers—but there! anyone can work out the Rule-of-Three “sum.” Australia is defended—as no other country in the world—by “that mighty moat placed round the Continent at the dawn of Creation.” It is for other purposes that conscription is being made law—though, as no one seems to be aware, conscription of a certain kind has existed in the Colonies for years.

It has been observed how the Duke's character has developed in the tour. For the first time he has been thrown entirely on his own initiative. He has plenty of character, and, indeed, inherits some of the strong-willed determination of George III. as well as the *savoir-faire* of Edward VII. But, till now, he has been engaged in learning the business of Kingcraft—the most difficult in the world—under surveillance, and must have been embarrassed by its unending complications.

On his last visit, of course, every public action was planned for him by others, and the name of every single person presented to him telegraphed home to Queen Victoria. Left to himself, he has exceeded all expectations in the part of representative of the Sovereign in the new Commonwealth.

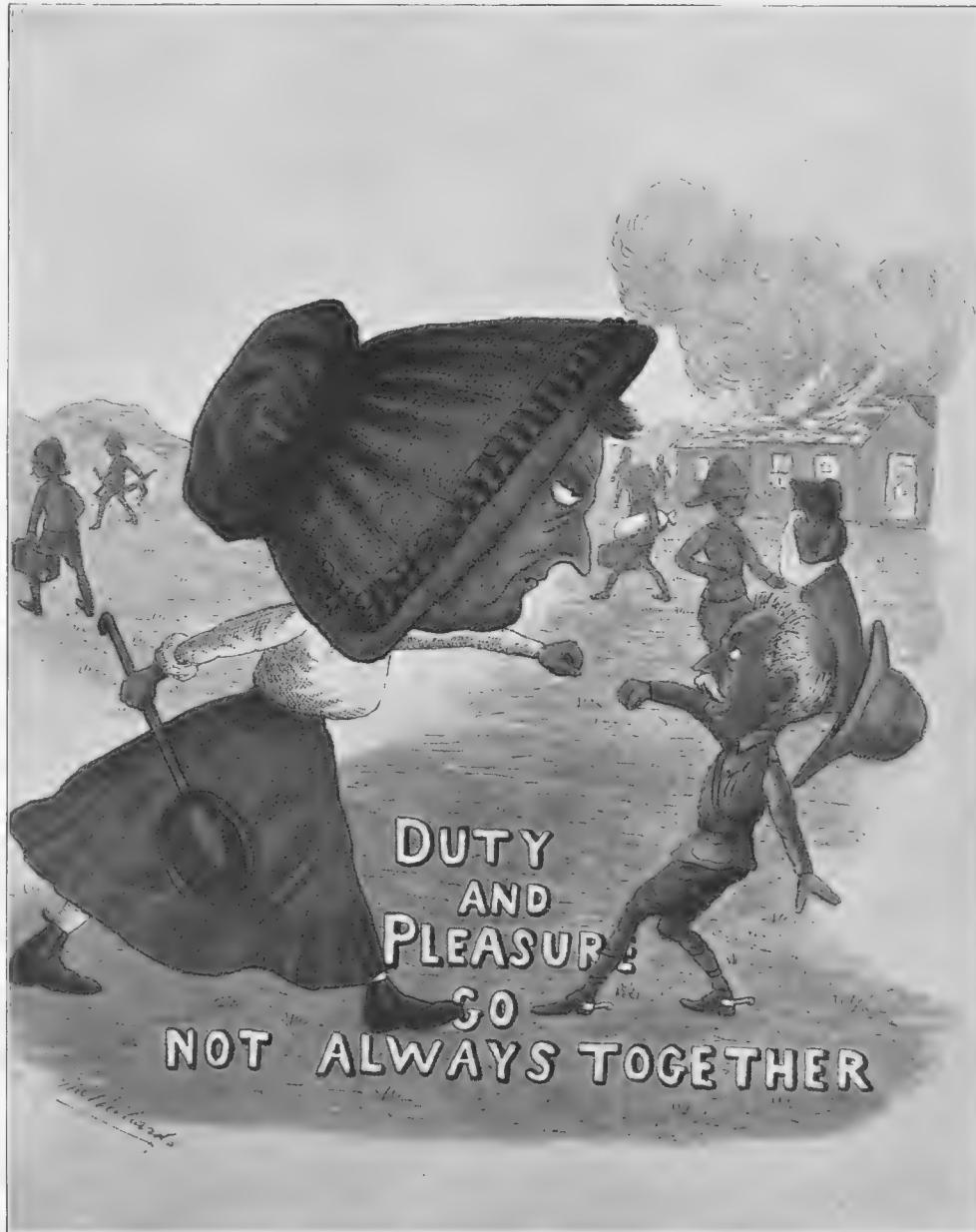
As a rule, untruths may be told more freely about Australia than other countries—it is too far away for contradiction. But it has few of those well-worn anecdotes suitable for Royalties which in other lands are renovated and re-papered (put again into the newspapers, that is) when a new Personage pays a visit. Happy are the newspaper-readers who have no history! I am, however, an eyewitness of the man who knew the relative of a friend of another man who tells the following anecdote of the Duke of Cornwall and York's former tour in Australia. He impudently demanded to see a real gold-field.

in operation while at the “station” of a large squatter up-country—hundreds of miles from any trace of gold.

In desperation, his host sent out a station-hand overnight with a shot-gun, who fired gold-dust at intervals into some quartz near the premises. This was, strange to say, most successfully discovered next day by the Royal party! Prince George was especially fortunate in finding an impossible nugget wedged in a suspiciously natural position in a bank.

The operation, my brethren, is not unknown on gold-fields before the arrival of the alleged “mining expert.” Wherefore, beware and take heed of the ravening wolves who “salt” the spurious mine to “boom” it momentarily on the Stock Exchange. The Duke is believed to have treasured the alleged nugget ever since, for no one has dared to tell him the truth. But, hush! *The Sketch* circulates enormously in the Colonies, and Royalties are quite a feature of its *clientèle*.

HILL ROWAN.



AN OFFICER'S SOUTH AFRICAN CARTOON.

MR. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., AT HOME.

MR. BRITON RIVIERE is an artist by hereditary title. How many generations his Huguenot ancestors had been artists when they took refuge here, one would not like to say—nor, indeed, to assert that they were artists at all, were it not that Mr. Riviere's son has inherited the family genius from the Academician, who took over the mantle of his father, on whom it fell from his own progenitor, and, therefore, it seems probable that the same process has been going on from time immemorial and must continue in perpetuity.

I would not labour this deeply philosophical proposition but that it really has a bearing on the subject of the accompanying illustration.

His father, who was Head of the Drawing School at Cheltenham College, prepared the way for the young Briton, aiding his boyish essays at the "Zoo," helping to perfect him in colour and brush-work at Cheltenham, and making Oxford a favourable ground for the development of a budding artist by getting art introduced into the curriculum of the University. Not only did Mr. Riviere grow up in an atmosphere of art, but he started with a store of hereditary ability that enabled him to sell a picture for £20 at the age of twelve, and to exhibit two works at the Royal Academy when he was seventeen.

He does not deny that he gave his days at Oxford to painting, and it is something of a mystery how he managed to

SECURE HIS
"B.A."

and to attain a degree of scholarship that has been of much value to him in his pictorial realisations of classic themes. But he managed to put in enough reading in his spare time, and thereby provided a striking example of his extraordinary energy and perseverance. After he had married and settled at Keston, in Kent, he found painting not so profitable that it could be relied on to keep the wolf from the door, so that many hours of the day and night had to be spent in the illustration of books, and with so much determination did he pursue this wearisome work that it led to injury of his eyes—the most precious possession of an artist. But even this misfortune could not prevent his triumph.

Like several of his distinguished contemporaries, he had been attracted by the

PRE-RAPHAELITE MOVEMENT,

and was so absorbed by the spirit of this cult as to give up animal-painting, and to produce such works as "Elaine on the Bridge," with more or less of the Rossetti feeling. It was a struggle for the advancement of art, but, as he and others came to recognise later on, in a mistaken direction. In any case, there was no money in it. But when he created

A PICTURE LIKE "CHARITY,"

he found himself, and found his public, too.

Little girls and dogs form a combination that always seems to touch a

tender corner in the heart of the British public, but in this case the idea was particularly engaging—that of a child sharing her last crust with starving animals. The picture was a palpable "hit," and

MILLAIS, EVER READY TO GIVE ENCOURAGEMENT TO RISING GENIUS, went out of his way to praise it. This happened in 1870, but there was a still greater victory in store for the following year.

Fortunately, Mr. Riviere kept pigs. This is one of the few advantages open to a hopeful artist with a growing family in a little country place. His pigs inspired him to a great classical conception, and

HIS PICTURE OF CIRCE,

the enchantress who indulged her sense of humour by changing the dissipated companions of Ulysses into swine, was the first achievement that gave the artist a firm footing high up on the ladder of fame.

There was a still further advance when

HE PAINTED
"DANIEL"

amid the powerful lions whose portraits were obtained from that favourite sketching-ground, the "Zoo," where Mr. Riviere had to go in the early morning, in order to avoid the spectators, whose persistent attentions and stage-whispered comments not every artist has the stoicism to endure. Later on came

"GANYMEDE,"

which many of Mr. Riviere's admirers regard as his most forcible and effective work, with its magnificent eagle bearing off the tense and graceful figure of the boy to Olympus. The eagle was a denizen of the "Zoo"; the boy was suspended from the roof of Mr. Riviere's studio by a pulley, and in a position that, of course, could be maintained only for brief periods. The picture was certainly a great achievement, the more so when one considers the difficulties connected with the models.

Mr. Riviere has been before the public so long that most people probably would guess him to be more

than sixty-one, though the fact is that he scarcely looks as much. He now dwells in Finchley Road, where he has a studio suited to the accommodation of all kinds of four-footed models, and continues his work with as much zest as ever. He is very versatile, for he is an adept at water-colour and modelling, and he has constructed an anatomical figure of a lion which is really a marvellous piece of workmanship. He paints portraits, landscapes, and animals with equal facility, and those who have seen the drawings for

THE NEW "ILLUSTRATED BIBLE"

at the Holland Gallery must recognise the deep vein of poetry that is manifested in his design for the text, "And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." But the work by which he is best known is of the kind typified in this year's Academy by the picture of the shepherd off "To the Hills" with his vivacious and intelligent collies—certainly one of the most popular pictures in the present Exhibition.



MR. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., IN HIS STUDIO.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.



"EDNA."

AU REVOIR TO THE SWEET "GIRL FROM UP THERE."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBBURY STREET, S.W.



MADAME REJANE AS SAPHO.

SOUVENIR OF A DELIGHTFUL FRENCH COMÉDIENNE LONDON MISSES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

CORONATION CURIOSITIES.

THE COURT OF CLAIMS.

AT the lapse of more than sixty years, the newly constituted Court of Claims in connection with the forthcoming Coronation is such a complete novelty that a sketch of the history of such Courts and an explanation of their unique functions cannot fail to be instructive. The members of the Court have all been nominated by the King, and all are Privy Councillors. They sit at the

COUNCIL BOARD, WHITEHALL,

and all persons claiming the right to do any service to the King or Queen at the Coronation lodge their petitions with the Clerks of the Court of Claims. They are then considered by their lordships, the petitioners attending in person or by counsel learned in the law, as in ordinary appeals. If, after due investigation, their claims are found to be good and in accordance with precedent, they get certificates which entitle them to attend and perform their "services" at the Coronation, and, having satisfactorily performed them, they get their fees.

THE CORONATION PROCEEDINGS

will be shorn of much of their interest by the abolition of the pageants which preceded and the banquet which, till 1831, formed part of the ceremonial. Only the ecclesiastical part remains. The Court of Claims was opened last week to take the necessary preliminary steps for disposing of the claims, many of which will be contested. Among the claims likely to be decided first are those relating to the bearers of the Regalia. At the Court held in 1838, previous to the Coronation of Queen Victoria, the following Regalia claims were allowed—

St. Edward's Staff, Duke of Roxburgh; Golden Spurs, Baroness Grey de Ruthyn, by her deputy, Lord Byron; Sceptre with the Dove, Duke of Richmond; Sceptre with the Cross, Duke of Cleveland; Sword of Temporal Justice, Marquis of Westminster; Sword of Spiritual Justice, Duke of Sutherland; Sword of Mercy, Duke of Devonshire; Sword of State, Viscount Melville; the Orb, Duke of Somerset; St. Edward's Crown, Duke of Hamilton; the Patina, Bishop of Bangor; the Chalice, Bishop of Lincoln; the Bible, Bishop of Winchester. There will be new claimants for some of these offices.

SOME OF THE FEES.

Among the claims for fees which precedent permits to be made, the more noticeable are those of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, who, in virtue of their services as Instructors of the King and Queen in the Coronation ceremonial, claim the gold wedges, weighing twenty ounces each, which the Sovereign and the Queen Consort offer as oblations on the altar; also robes for themselves and their chaplains, any Royal robes taken off during the ceremony, all the special Abbey furniture, and "an ounce of gold for their chanter," now known as the precentor. The Lord High Almoner expects two silver-gilt bowls of three hundred ounces. Garter King of Arms is presented with a gold coronet weighing twenty-four ounces, and a gold chain and badges. The other Kings of Arms and Heralds also have splendid emblems of their offices in gold or silver. The Lord High Chamberlain has to provide all these.

It is specifically stated in the Proclamation recently issued that the abandonment of the procession and banquet shall not interfere with the titles of those who claim land, manors, or privileges connected with the parts of the old ceremonial now omitted. Some of the ancient claims are amusingly curious and vividly illustrate the peculiar manners and customs of our ancestors in ages long gone by. The following are among the most curious.

SOME CURIOUS CLAIMS.

The Lord Great Chamberlain claimed and had forty yards of crimson velvet for robes, the bed on which the King slept the night before the Coronation, the furniture, the wearing-apparel, and the King's night-robe. Similar perquisites were claimed by the Queen's Chamberlain.

The hereditary Earl-Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, formerly claimed, as part of his fees, the King's horse and the Queen's palfrey, and "the chimes of all swans and cranes served at the banquet," also all the table-linen and the cloth of estate under which the King sat.

The Primate claims the right to crown the King, and the Archbishop of York the Queen. The Archbishops have for their fees the gorgeous velvet-covered chairs, cushions, and foot-stools used by them during the ceremony in the Abbey. The Lord Mayor of London, as Assistant Chief Butler, claimed a gold cup and a table at the banquet for himself and twelve citizens; and the Mayor of Oxford, acting as his Lordship's Assistant, claimed a silver cup. The Barons of the Cinque Ports time out of mind had the honour of bearing the canopy over the King in the procession. They are not Peers, but are dubbed Barons for the nonce. They were not summoned to attend the last two Coronations, as there were no canopies to carry, but they have called a "guestling," or meeting of the brotherhood, for to-day at Hastings to consider their position. The Earl of Warwick claimed to be Grand Panneter—that is, bread-provider—but his actual function was to carry the salt-cellars, the carving-knives and spoons, from the pantry to the King's table, and he claimed the utensils after the banquet.

The Manor of Addington, in Surrey, is held by Grand Serjeantry (that is, personal service on the Sovereign), by providing for the Coronation feast a famous mess of pottage called "Dilgerout." It was composed of pounded almonds in milk, a brawn of capons, parboiled, chickens chopped up, sugar, and spices. "Was not that a dainty dish to set before the King?"

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

IT is rather curious that "Alice of Old Vincennes," by Maurice Thompson, has only just found its way across the Atlantic. It was one of the most enormous successes in America last year, something over one hundred and seventy-five thousand copies having been sold. There can be no doubt that it owed much to the push and advertising of the publishers. The author had previously written quite a number of novels which gained only a very moderate success. But after the publication of "Alice of Old Vincennes" his earlier books were resuscitated on all sides, and he was compelled to issue a warning in the advertisement columns of the literary papers that the various "New novels by the author of 'Alice of Old Vincennes'" were merely new editions of his earlier and little-known books. Mr. Thompson died in the early part of this year.

With regard to the fashion of re-christening and re-issuing old books, which has grown considerably of late on both sides of the Atlantic, an American literary journal suggests that a big success is in store for the publisher who will bring out a new edition of "Robinson Crusoe" as "On a Desert Island," and "Æsop's Fables" under the title of "Animals Who have Talked with Me."

I understand that Messrs. Chapman and Hall are preparing for publication this autumn a magnificent *édition de luxe* of the novels of Samuel Richardson.

The following advertisement is taken from a French newspaper: "M. Emile Zola, of Plamboeuf, inventor of the Spring Nippers, notifies the public that he has nothing to do with his namesake, Emile Zola the writer." A distinctly good advertisement for the Zola Nippers this!

Mr. H. C. Bailey, whose historical novel, "My Lady of Orange," was recently published, is, I hear, a young Oxford undergraduate. Considering that he is only twenty-three years old and that his novel was written in the interval of preparing for "Greats," I think it is safe to predict that his work will be well worth watching.

From an article entitled "A Century of American Humour," in *Munsey's Magazine*, I learn that the first great American humorist was no less a person than Benjamin Franklin, and that the moment when the keynote of American humour for all future generations was struck was the very serious moment of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. "One of the signers, if tradition is to be believed, remarked when he laid aside his pen, 'We must all hang together.' Whereupon Benjamin Franklin, who was at that moment in the act of adding his name, replied, 'Yes, we must all hang together, for, if we do not, it is certain that we shall all hang separately.'" By a delightful coincidence, this quotation gains the *Academy's* prize for the best quotation applicable to the present state of the Liberal Party.

The Nobel Prize for the author who has produced the most "notable literary work in the sense of the ideal" will be awarded by the Swedish judges appointed under the will of Alfred Nobel on Dec. 10, 1901. I do not envy the task of those judges.

The general opinion of critics of Mr. Winston Churchill's novel, "The Crisis," is summed up in a sentence—"The author has great talent, but no genius." From what I have heard from an American friend of Mr. Winston Churchill's methods of work, I should say this is a very fair criticism. I understand that he is one of those remarkable authors who go down to an office every day and dictate a definite number of words. Mr. Churchill has rooms in the heart of Chicago, and, while he is writing a novel, reaches and leaves his office with the punctuality of an ordinary business-man.

Apropos of the withdrawal of Mr. Hall Caine's novel from serial publication, it is interesting to know that two of Zola's novels were treated in a similar fashion. "L'Assommoir" and "Le Vœu d'une Mort" both suffered in this way. "L'Assommoir" was completed in another newspaper, but I believe "Le Vœu d'une Mort" was never finished.

By offering to send any cloth-bound book on his list on approval to readers in the country, Mr. Heinemann is trying an interesting experiment. In America the boast of many publishers is that their book-store can be found in every post-office throughout the States, and that they will send any book on approval direct to the reader. I understand that Mr. Heinemann proposes only to send to the bookseller whose name is forwarded by the reader. Unfortunately, quite a number of people live beyond the reach of any bookseller. In Germany, of course, practically all books are sent on approval to the booksellers, but this is impossible in the case of cloth-bound books. The unsold paper-bound books in Germany are returned to the publisher, who re-binds them at a very small cost. In France, at any rate, when he re-binds them in this way, he generally adds another thousand to the edition as given on the cover.

From all that I can hear, Mr. E. W. Townsend's "Days Like These" is one of the most daring novels of recent times. Mr. Townsend, the creator of Chimmie Fadden, is a newspaper-man who knows the underside of New York life, and in his new novel he has portrayed, under the thinnest disguises, a large number of well-known and easily recognisable figures in the New York commercial and municipal world. "Days Like These" is obviously a "Key" novel, and I hear it is arousing considerable sensation in New York.

o. o.



MISS MARIE STUDHOLME,

WHO FIGURES DELIGHTFULLY AS DORA SELBY, A WARD-IN-CHANCERY, IN "THE TOREADOR," AT THE GAIETY.

(A Chat about this beautiful Actress will be found on page 4.)

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



AND MOST THINGS TWINKLED AFTER THAT.

"Why," shouted the Hatter, "did Lewis Carroll?"

"Give it up," yawned the White Rabbit.

"Because Alice threw the looking-glass!" bawled the Hatter. "Any baby bunny could have guessed that!"

DONA TERESA:
(MISS QUEENIE LEIGHTON.)
AND
SAMMY GIGG.
(MR EDMUND PAYNE.)



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

CUPBOARD LOVE.

BY MURIEL HINE.



TAPPED at the door.

"Come in!" said a clear voice.

I pushed it open a trifle nervously.

Miss Ella Papillon was sitting at a bureau facing the light, in a halo of golden sunshine from without, and as she turned her head I saw a faint flush of colour rise in her pale checks.

But when she spoke, her expression was that of bored surprise.

"How do you do, Mr. Cary?" she said. "I suppose they have told you that my mother is out?"—and she offered me a limp white hand.

"I came to see your brother," I began apologetically.

A little touch of mischief rose in her dark-grey eyes, as she broke in sweetly, "Ah! you will find Claud in the study."

"I have not only found him," I ventured to remark, "but been peremptorily dismissed. He was miles deep in blue-books, reports, and long columns of statistics that made one positively giddy merely to look at them! He told me he was 'rather busy,' and that I was to walk down the passage and tap at the second door from the end. But I am afraid I am interrupting your correspondence?"

She evaded the question neatly—

"Claud, when busy, is apt to be a trifle brief."

"He did not even offer me a cigarette!" My voice was injured as I leaned back in the deep arm-chair.

"So like Claud!" said his sister promptly. She drew a long red box from a pigeon-hole in her bureau, and, opening the lid, offered me one of the contents, then followed my example.

There was a subtle consciousness in her manner which suggested it to be a new habit.

"Is smoking allowed now?" I remarked.

The austere Mrs. Papillon must indeed be moving with the times, but I could hardly picture her in the rôle of the easily overruled Mamma!

She struck a match after two futile efforts, and, lighting her own cigarette, offered me gingerly the burning remains.

Her answer at first sight appeared irrelevant.

"The window's open," she said demurely, "and Claud smokes all over the house."

I smiled involuntarily, and, her eyes meeting mine, she gave a little, sinful laugh.

I breathed again. Thank goodness, the ice was broken at last!

"Charming dance last night, wasn't it?" I suggested.

Her face went a shade pinker and her voice grew distant again.

"The Sinclairs' parties are always a success."

"And the floor was good," I found myself repeating absently, for my mind was far away on a disagreeable discovery I had made.

I took the cigarette from between my lips and glanced at the name.

"Boguslavski's," said my companion promptly, with an admirable struggle for the correct pronunciation.

I knew it already, for had I not smoked one that very morning as I strolled down Piccadilly with Charlie Armstrong, and was it not the piece of news he had then and there confided that had sent me flying off the same afternoon to call upon my friends the Papillons?

For when a man informs you that he has fully made up his mind that the time has come to "marry and settle down," and when "the very girl" for this meritorious object, whom he already thinks "likes him a bit," proves to be the lady of your heart, worries necessarily ensue.

And I mistrusted deeply those cigarettes.

"Queer name, isn't it?" I suggested, to fill the blank, "and fearful to pronounce!"

"Captain Armstrong," she innocently remarked, "says one ought to call them . . ." She made a still more successful shot at the word, but, although I applauded, my heart sank within me, and then and there I came to the conclusion that, possibly old-fashioned as the judgment might be, it was not well for girls to smoke.

But my sudden strait-lacedness did not also embrace the fact that it was not well for me to be there alone *en tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Papillon's pretty daughter, although I knew to a "T" that sedate lady's theories of behaviour, and how "etiquette"—the strictest etiquette—and the art of chaperonage were to her a very necessary of existence.

I felt my companion's grey eyes fixed on my distract countenance as she gazed steadily at me from under the curling dark lashes, and as though she actually read my thoughts.

"Of course, I oughtn't really to be smoking, and you oughtn't really to be here," she remarked comfortably, in her usual irrelevant way; "but—"

"When the cat's away the mice will play," I suggested thoughtlessly.

Then the whole enormity of calling the majestic Mrs. Papillon by such a name came across me with overwhelming confusion.

I glanced at her daughter apprehensively. She was trying to frown, but the smile broke through triumphant.

"And Claud is far too busy to even remember that I called upon him," I wound up lamely.

An idea struck her as her eyes wandered to the edge of the long mirror sown thickly with invitation-cards.

"Why aren't you at the Van Browns'?" she demanded.

I excused myself weakly.

"Too slack after last night's festivities," I pleaded.

A dimple came into her cheek and the grey eyes danced provokingly.

"Poor thing!" Her voice of commiseration was perfect. "You did such a lot of dancing, too!"

Now, this was flying in the very face of Providence, for had we not sat out six long dances and wound up with a lengthened supper together, thanks to the kindly chaperon who had for once filled Mrs. Papillon's accustomed post, not so adequately, I fear, but with much more humanity in the method.

"Mother has gone to the Van Browns'," she said somewhat hurriedly, as I opened my mouth to speak.

Now, what I was going to say was for ever destined to be lost, for at that moment there came a sound of footsteps mounting the stairs, a woman's voice, and the rustle of silk skirts.

"Tell Miss Papillon I shall not keep her a moment."

My companion turned to me with a quick movement of horror.

"It's Daisy Dering," she said. "Whatever am I to do? She'll come right in and find you here—and go and tell Mamma—and the room's full of smoke!"

I knew full well the fame for mischief-making that the lady in question possessed, and must own that at the time I did not think the danger exaggerated.

I threw up the remaining windows hastily and gazed around in desperation, as the footsteps steadily approached, and saw there was another door at the further end of the room.

"Where does it lead to?" I questioned under my breath.

She threw it wide open, disclosing a narrow passage, with dresses and clothes galore hanging on either side, and another door at the end.

"My dress-cupboard," she whispered; "it leads into my bedroom." In the height of her excitement, she caught my arm and actually pushed me towards it. "You can go straight through and into the corridor, and so downstairs."

I swept off the tell-tale box of cigarettes as I passed the bureau, and the next moment the door was closed behind me and I found myself in outer darkness.

"How do you do?" I heard her say, a trifle breathlessly, and then the other's shrill-voiced, gushing reply.

She had "just come in" to see "that dear Ella," on her way to the Van Browns' "At Home," and to ask if Mrs. Papillon would be "so sweet" (the adjective so applied to the lady in question was delightful!), "so very sweet," as to chaperon her on a distant date to Mildred Ormonde's wedding.

The conversation drifted on, and I moved gingerly along towards where I imagined the exit to be.

It was evidently a but rarely used passage which some ingenious household mind had converted into a dress-cupboard.

The immediate result of my explorations was a fearful rustling sound, which must, I felt sure, have penetrated into the adjoining room.

Evidently some of the garments were swathed in fold upon fold of tissue-paper, which made the slightest movement most precarious.

I persevered, however, with outstretched, suspicious fingers, when suddenly my feet stumbled, there was a resounding clatter, and something fell with a sharp rap across my toes.

I held my breath in an agony of suspense. "Whatever's that?" said the visitor. I pictured her start of surprise and the other's half-frightened amusement.

"Only someone in my bedroom," said Miss Papillon coolly; she raised her voice a little: "a clumsy servant, I should think," she added—obviously for my peculiar benefit.

I stooped down with groping fingers and discovered a pair of riding-boots in long, heavy trees had been the cause of the accident.

Stepping over them cautiously, I was just going to turn the handle of the further door, when, to my disgust, I heard a sound of voices, and from the conversation in the bedroom beyond I gathered that the maid had chosen that afternoon for overhauling her young lady's wardrobe, assisted by another female, whom I judged, from the sounds of admiration—as drawer after drawer was opened and the contents disclosed—to be an appreciative housemaid.

There was nothing for it but to wait patiently for Miss Daisy Dering to depart, trusting to Providence in the meantime that Mrs. Papillon would not return.

My cigarette was nearly exhausted, but with delight I remembered the box of "Boguslavski's" I had stolen away, and, helping myself thankfully to another, I lighted it, and, somewhat in awe of my inflammable surroundings, crushed out the fag-end under my heel.

Even this small consolation, however, was to be denied me, for, as I sat on the cupboard floor and leaned up against the door, through the ill-fitting frame of which came little shafts of light that made the darkness within all the more oppressive, I heard the maid sniff audibly.

"My! What a smell of smoke!" she said. "I wonder where it's coming from?"



IN A THAMES BACKWATER—AND LIKELY TO REMAIN THERE.

DRAWN BY OSCAR WILSON.

"It's that 'orrid back-smoke,'" said the housemaid promptly; "comes down the bedroom chimneys, it do, and the smuts it makes is orful!"

The mere possibility of discovery by the servants in my present position, seated on the floor among the boot-trees and Lord knows what else besides, shrouded in feminine garments and tissue-paper, was too appalling to risk, so, reluctantly, I extinguished another of Charlie Armstrong's excellent cigarettes.

How long I sat there I could not tell, but finally a movement in the boudoir sent me crawling gingerly to the end of the passage.

"Must you go?" I heard Miss Papillon say. The speech itself was charming, but somehow the voice did not correspond.

Nothing, I told myself, would have detained *me* after those cold, passive tones, but Miss Daisy Dering either could not or would not take the hint.

"Well, just five minutes more, then!" she assented gaily.

I heard her settle down again in the creaking arm-chair by the pleasant window, and my heart sank within me.

"What do you think a little bird told me?" She raised her naturally shrill voice to overcome the noise of the carriages rolling in the Square below, and every word reached me distinctly in the cupboard. I could picture to myself the suppressed eagerness on her plain, vindictive face. "Only yesterday I heard rumours of an approaching engagement."

She paused tentatively, and from a barrel-organ of conservative tastes outside came the worn-out strains of "After the Ball."

"Really?" said Miss Papillon carelessly, or was it caution that prompted her reply?

There was a little rustle of silk, and I guessed Miss Dering was leaning forward towards her companion in her most gushing manner.

"Naughty girl!" she said playfully. "Now, *do* tell me all about it, and is it Captain Armstrong, and when is it to be?"

There was a pause, fraught with suspense for me, and then—

"How ridiculous people are!" said Miss Papillon icily. "If you are meaning me by your remarks, I have not the slightest intention of marrying at present, and certainly not Captain Armstrong."

I caught a little sigh from Daisy Dering, whether of disappointment or relief I did not stop to consider, for curiosity—her besetting sin—had got the upper hand again.

"Then there is someone else?" she insisted slyly. I heard her rise from the low chair, and still there was a silence. "I used to think you cared for that good-looking ne'er-do-well, Max Cary; but since he has been so attentive to rich Miss Van Brown"—she broke off hurriedly—"which reminds me, I quite forgot the party there. I really must be off; so good-bye, dear Ella. So sweet of you to ask your *dear* mother if I may come with her on the 13th—unlucky day, by-the-bye. You are to be bridesmaid, aren't you? Nina says the dresses are *too* lovely. Paquin, I believe, and the hats straight from Virot. . . ." I heard her babbling on as she rustled across the room, and her last little shaft of malice was wafted in from the corridor.

"I suppose the next excitement of the kind will be Kathleen Van Brown!"

Only as the door closed behind her did the full awkwardness of my position dawn upon me.

To have been the recipient, however involuntary, of Miss Daisy Dering's private confidences to her friend, including an insinuation which connected my name with that of Miss Papillon's, was, to say the least of it, disconcerting, and checked my natural desire to emerge from my hiding-place, stiff and ruffled, and meet that lady's inevitable deep displeasure. And every moment the danger of her mother's return waxed greater. Besides which, in all probability, she judged me by now miles away, safely escaped through the adjoining bedroom, and this theory was almost immediately supported by the sudden appearance of Miss Papillon herself.

Involuntarily I stepped back; she gave a little cry of surprise, and, as she stood there hesitating, the wind, pouring in from the open windows of the boudoir, blew the door violently to behind her.

"You . . .!" was all she said, but her voice expressed worlds of indignation; "You have been here all the time"—a note of contempt came into it—"listening!"

A sudden anger seized me in the darkness.

"Considering that your maid has been in your room for the last half-hour and is there still, you could hardly expect me to escape that way," I retorted. "My only wish in hiding here, Miss Papillon, was to save you the slightest annoyance, not to add to it by supplying gossip for the servants' hall!"

"But you heard what we were saying," she protested. Her voice faltered, and, as I did not answer—scarcely, indeed, knowing what to say—she moved forward suddenly as though to slip past me into the further room.

But even as she did so there came a crash and the clatter of falling wood. She stumbled forward, and with an effort recovered her balance.

So close was she by now, I stretched out my hand involuntarily and caught a warm, soft arm.

"Believe me, it's only boot-trees," I said consolingly. "I've been over them, too!"

She gave a piteous little attempt at a laugh, but the sound caught in her throat, and, with a sudden intuition, I guessed that she was crying.

Little chinks of light came in from under the door, but the darkness was intense.

I would have given all I had in the world for a glimpse of her hidden

face. I put out my other hand cautiously and felt for hers, drawing the little, reluctant fingers into my own big grasp.

She made a half-movement forward, then shrunk back as the paper-shrouded dresses rustled ominously, and through the further door came fragments of the servants' conversation.

"Tears her gowns?" said the maid dramatically. "Why, it's cruel the way she serves 'em! Just you look at this . . . new on only last night—"

"My!" said the housemaid sympathetically; "'alf the flounce for you to put on—nasty, *catchy* work, too, that chiffon-stuff, isn't it?"

And suddenly the scene in the conservatory at the Sinclairs' and the damage caused by a jagged corner of rockery floated up before my mind, and the picture of the girl, with flushed cheeks, and sparkling, mocking eyes, as my clumsy fingers disentangled the havoc of torn pink tulle!

I risked it all on one last throw. "Tell me," I said, "is there 'someone else'?"

Not a word did she say, but her little hand lay passively in mine.

The voices in the next room stopped abruptly, and there was a sound of retreating footsteps and a sudden silence again, and still she did not move.

"Could it be?"—for the life of me, I could not help the touch of bitterness that forced itself into my voice—"the ne'er-do-well?" Could it, Ella?"

When she spoke at last, I could hardly catch the words.

"You know," she said under her breath.

It was when we had groped our way, heedless of the pitfalls around, back into the brilliant light of the boudoir that her mind reverted to Daisy Dering's parting remark, and, with a touch of the haughty lady of old, "What about Miss Van Brown?" she inquired.

Then I told her a secret known to few, and of my friend's great good-fortune.

"Don't blame an innocent man for playing gooseberry," I pleaded, and followed it up with a sweeping counter-stroke: "And what about the Boguslavski's?"

She evaded the question with a little, mischievous smile.

"I shall have to keep you in order now!" she said severely; but her radiant face belied her words.

"I don't mind in the least *where* you keep me," I retorted with mock humility, "as long as it's not in a cupboard!"

A SUMMER HOLIDAY.

THE opening of the new Lauder Light Railway, which leaves the North British system at Fountainhall, will provide another route for reaching the Land of Scott, which may be done in a single day from Edinburgh. The old burgh of Lauder can now be reached in about two hours. A coach will await the forenoon train at Lauder on certain days and drive down Lauderdale to Melrose, thence to Abbotsford, afterwards back to Dryburgh in time to catch a train at St. Boswells. This is how a cyclist did the whole Vale of Yarrow the other day. Those who prefer it can take the Ettrick and Yarrow coach from Selkirk. Leaving Edinburgh about 5 p.m., this cyclist rode by Peebles and the Valley of the Tweed to Selkirk, which was reached about 10 p.m. This is by far the most picturesque route to the Borders. The road down Eddleston Water to Peebles has a good surface; Innerleithen, Walkerburn, and Clovenfords, where Wordsworth wrote his "Yarrow Revisited," are passed. Here the Edinburgh Angling Club has its headquarters in the "Nest," beside a fine stretch of water. Ashestiel, Sir Walter Scott's happiest home, where he wrote part of "Waverley" and "Marmion," lies on the right bank of the Tweed. The night was spent in Selkirk, and the whole of the next day was given to the classic Vale of Yarrow, the road up which has a wonderfully good surface, and is not too hilly. Professor Pringle-Pattison's estate, "The Haining," Selkirk, is worth a visit, and permission is readily granted. With commendable liberality, Mr. Steele, proprietor of Philiphaugh, allows the visitor to drive or cycle through his fine estate. Mr. Steele has done wonders to Philiphaugh since it came into his hands. There the scene of the Battle of Philiphaugh may be viewed, and the cairn erected by Murray of Philiphaugh to the Covenanters who fell there in 1645. Crossing the Yarrow Road, Bowhill Grounds are entered, an estate of the Duke of Buccleuch, with the picturesque ruins of Newark Castle, where Scott lays the scene of the earlier parts of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." After that, without leaving the estate, another five miles of road is transacted; then the cyclist joins the Yarrow Road, which hugs the river and which is all charming. A halt is made at Yarrow Church and Manse, and Mr. Borland gladly shows the tomb of Dr. Rutherford, grandfather of Sir Walter Scott, and also points out the curious standing stones of the "Dowie Dens of Yarrow," which have puzzled antiquarians. Mr. Rhys is to be there immediately to study them. The ride onward by classic St. Mary's Loch is full of charm. Mount Benger and Altrive, now Eldinhope, farms once occupied by the Ettrick Shepherd, are seen on the right and left, as well as the scene of many a ballad. The visitor may, if hungry, go to the Gordon Arms, the Rodono Hotel, or "Tibbie Shiels." This cyclist went to the Gordon Arms, and did what need not be imitated afterwards, climbed over the hills that separate St. Mary's from Manor Valley. This takes an hour and a half, and pushing a cycle over the rough, high, uneven ground is terribly toilsome. But could any cyclist ask for a more romantic route in the Border country?

MR. E. J. LONNEN AND HIS CHILDREN.

A BENEFIT ON BEHALF OF MR. LONNEN, WHO IS SERIOUSLY ILL, WAS HELD AT THE GAIETY YESTERDAY, THE SCENE OF THE FAVOURITE COMEDIAN'S MANY TRIUMPHS.



MR. E. J. LONNEN.

From a Photograph.

MISS NELLIE LONNEN.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

MASTER LESLIE LONNEN.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

MISS FAITH LONNEN.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

WITH THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.

BY A DOG WAR-CORRESPONDENT.

I CANNOT help thinking it may interest you to hear something of my experiences with the brave Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa, seen from a dog's point of view. I will endeavour to keep out of my little narrative (I mean, of course, my tale, and yet not my tail) any tone of puppyish conceit or bragging. My name is, I believe, not as well known to the British public as that of many a home-staying pro-Boer who barks his spite against Old England.

I was born in South Africa a few years ago, and, through an unfortunate accident, got my "off" hind-leg very badly injured. I have since had to go through life on three legs instead of four, a sort of "dot-and-carry-one" business. This, although rather damaging to my personal appearance, has not, so far, cramped my doggish career—indeed, I have been a lucky dog in more ways than one. Many is the stile I, like other lame dogs, have been helped over. When the War broke out in South Africa, following closely on the absurd Boer-bark (now shrunk to a whining yelp for assistance from the European Powers or the pro-Boers at home—or, shall I say, a frail bark which has foundered?), my canine heart was stirred to its depths by feelings of intense patriotism towards the little Isle over the Seas. I had always heard how kindly treated all animals and subjects are by Great Britain! When they "let loose the dogs of war," I determined to go on the loose myself and see what I could do to serve my Queen and country. I accordingly limped into a War-train that was returning empty to Cape Town, and, on arriving there, found my way to the quay, to have a look at the troops landing, in order to select which regiment I might like to join.

Gazing around at the interesting spectacle afforded by the moving masses of khaki, unlimbered guns, and neighing chargers, my eyes fell on a group of five manly-looking troopers belonging to Paget's Horse. They had been sent down from their camp to bring back some of the fresh-landed horses as "mounts" for their corps, and, poor fellows, they seemed to be having a pretty tough time of it. The horses (Hungarians), rendered more timid and nervous than usual by the long sea-voyage, seemed particularly sensitive to the slightest sound around them, and shied and capered all over the place. The tram-cars, in particular, sorely tried their nerves, and I saw one young fellow as nearly as possible dragged right over the quay into the water by one of the frightened steeds he was in charge of. He was riding one and leading two, and it made me hold my breath to see him, and wonder if he had a mother, and if she "knew he was out." Curious to see how they would get their refractory chargers safely to camp, I determined to follow them home, and, panting but elated, arrived on their heels at Maitland Camp in due course. There is no need for me to describe to you that stepping-stone to my military career—most of my readers will have heard of the camp from friends; many a corps has halted there before going to death or glory! It was not situated in the most lovely or picturesque of scenery, but it looked to me the very place that would suit for the time being my military craving. So, boldly wagging my tail and looking as cheeky and "martial" as a well-bred dog could, I went up to the man in charge of the canteen and, in dog-fashion, begged for a scrap to eat. It was promptly given me, the man evidently detecting promise of an excellent recruit in me; and as one by one the troopers in the camp, fine, manly fellows, came strolling up, some of them patting me, and calling me a "nice little chap," "rum little beggar," &c (possibly thinking of their own beloved beasts at home), I felt it was *this* corps, and no other, I was in duty bound to join. I am glad I made that happy resolution, for a nicer, smarter set of gentlemen and Volunteers than Paget's Horse I can never hope to meet.

After some weeks of comparative inactivity at the camp, consisting of daily drills, reveilles, &c., at all of which I turned up gaily, we received the welcome orders to proceed to "the Front." And then a period of adventures, hard marching, short rests, and still shorter rations began. Had I not been like my masters, of a particularly *dogged* nature, I could never have stuck to this military life of hardships as I have done—and this without wishing to boast! As for these Yeomen, it would have made your heart glow with pride in your countrymen could you have seen the plucky way in which they marched, on rations or no rations, fought—and died! They were all Volunteers, until quite lately totally untrained to hard marching and the unluxurious living of a camp, which to Tommy Atkins is not so new an experience. Most of them had left happy, comfortable homes, where luxuries and comforts were the order of the day, and many of them had thrown up good berths in order to go and fight for their Queen and country and the cause of justice. The very plucky way in which their leader, Major Paget, a man of no light weight or very youthful years, charged up the rugged kopjes, in the fierce, broiling sun, against a hidden foe, was a sight I shall not quickly forget.

Some talk of Alexander,
And some of "C.I.V.'s" :
But ne'er has fortune shown me
Much braver men than these,
Who with their gallant leader
To danger boldly ride—
The Yeomen of Old England,
Her glory and her pride!

Excuse my doggerel!

I saw many individual acts of bravery done in the face of the enemy which, though not recorded on earth, are surely written in letters of gold in the Book of Deeds kept above.

The crack of the rifles and the dull boom of the guns, the shriek of pain of a wounded horse or the stifled moan of a fallen comrade, these made the blood in my doggy veins tingle and my canine heart thrill with feelings indescribable. When for the first time in your life you experience the close proximity of a bullet whizzing past you, searching a hair or scratching a limb, may be, in its precipitous passage, the feeling is not exactly pleasant. It brings home to you an awful "might have been," and you wonder why war and its horrors had such an overwhelming and magnetic fascination for you at home when the call to arms rang out such a delightful invitation. But that is only in the first instant. The birth of your true pluck takes place in the death of all fear of apprehension. The next minute you are ready to face a thousand bullets (sent singly, by preference!), and to die fighting seems to you the grandest, noblest end a dog or man can have. The blood rushes in feverish flow to your brain, making you careless and indifferent to surroundings, and urging you on with irresistible force to do deeds from which in cold blood you would shrink. Even I, a mere dog, have felt this (although we poor brutes are not assigned hearts or souls by superior mankind) when, in company of my two-legged and well-armed comrades, I have faced death in more spots than one on the map of South Africa. Speaking of short rations, I have seen these men eat food at which I should have turned my nose up. I had often heard of "food not fit for dogs," and now I understand it. It was a pitiful sight to see these gallant troopers toiling day after day in charge of convoys heavily laden with food, working night and day to get them in safety to their destination, and then to see them on their return sit hungrily down to a few hunks of bread, with perhaps some biscuits and a little jam thrown in. Of course, I know that ours is not the only corps that has suffered in this way, but it does not make Rover's toothache any less painful because he knows that Tatters in the next kennel is suffering agonies from the same complaint. And the dust—ugh! It got into your food, clothes, eyes, nose—in fact, in every place where it was particularly inconvenient to have it, even penetrating through the men's water-bottles, making the water gritty and unfit to drink. I heard one facetious Yeoman say to another, in the gold-dust neighbourhood: "Great Scott! to think that this is gold-dust that we're eating and drinking, and our purses as empty of cash as the veldt of vegetation and the Boers of good sense!" Poor fellow, if you could use such an impossible term in speaking of dust as to say that it makes your mouth water, his would probably have done so.

We marched over many a dreary tract of land, unrelieved by clusters of bright-hued flowers, waving grass, or shady trees. All was sand, khaki-coloured, and, indeed, in many parts the only decorations to the sandy veldt provided by Nature were the ghastly heaps of bones of dead mules and horses marking the march of many a struggling column before us. And now, after fifteen months of active service, I am actually in Old England, with my gallant masters who have won praise from their commander, Lord Methuen, for the excellent services they have rendered their King and Country. I pricked up my ears when I heard him with his own lips praise their promptitude and courage. Their numbers, alas! have dwindled sadly since they first set off gaily for "the Front," and many is the sad whine I have given at the thought that never again would certain kind hands pat my rough head or throw me a portion of scanty rations. They have gone to their happy hunting-ground, as I must one day go to mine, and *some* say that we can never meet again. Those who remain are, as from the beginning of our acquaintance, my good chums. One of them has promised to give a kennel and a bone for life to—Your canine servant,

ROVER.

WEDDING-BELLS.

You remember, sweet, the hour,
By the side of the murmuring sea,
When our souls from slumber woke
Into love's eternity.
You remember, dear, the song
From the angel world above:
I can hear the chorus still,
"All life is made for love."

You remember, sweet, the light
On the face of the summer sea,
As the red sun slipped, to sleep,
Into night's obscurity;
'Twas the smile of an angel, dear,
Who watched us from above,
As his voice sang with the waves,
"All life is made for love."

You remember all that now,
As it was by the murmuring sea,
When the silver bells of love
Wish us life's felicity;
You remember, dear, the song
From the angel world above,
As our wedding-bells ring out,
"All life is made for love."

J. PARRINGTON-POOLE.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

THE LATE ÉDOUARD LALO'S OPERA, "LE ROI D'YS."

ALTHOUGH not far from twenty years old, Lalo's romantic opera, "Le Roi d'Ys," given last Wednesday, July 17, for the first time at Covent Garden, is essentially modern in feeling, as well as admirable in workmanship. Consequently, it was sure of a favourable reception. Perhaps it will never enjoy very great popularity here; but, at least, it is a really valuable and interesting addition to the Royal Opera répertoire. Madame Suzanne Adams was warmly applauded for



M. LALO, COMPOSER OF "LE ROI D'YS," PRODUCED AT COVENT GARDEN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ENGLAND ON WEDNESDAY LAST.

Photo by Capelle, Paris.

her singing of the really pretty music of Rozenn, and a new-comer, Mdlle. Paquot, was effective in the more dramatic part of Margared, which gave her scope for acting as well as singing. M. Jérôme, as the hero, was far more satisfactory than in his other performances, and is trying to subdue the tremolo unloved by our opera-goers. M. Plançon, as usual, was superb, and M. Seveilhac gave a picturesque performance as Karnac, the villain of the effective Breton story. A capital house gave a very favourable reception to the new opera and the performers, and particularly to M. Flon, who conducted admirably.

REHEARSING IN THE HEAT.

I was amused at Covent Garden, during the dress-rehearsal of the late M. Lalo's "Roi d'Ys," by the efforts of the artistes to overcome the great heat. In the opera, which is founded on an old Breton legend, the patron saint, Corentin, comes to life and reproves the refractory heroine. It was funny to see the stony figure vanish and in its place to behold a spruce gentleman in a tourist-suit and straw-hat, who began to sing in solemn tones the music of the saint. This was the excellent baritone, M. Journet. But M. Jérôme, the new tenor, defied the atmospheric conditions, and, as the warrior-hero, Mylio, went through his stage-business, love-making included, in a smart morning-dress, with a chimney-pot hat that would have suited a City stockbroker.

M. PLANÇON, AS THE KING,

kept cool by not wearing his regal robes, but the ladies wore their stage-costumes, and looked charming.

MADAME MELBA.

The indisposition of Madame Melba is, I am glad to hear, not calculated to alarm her friends, though sufficiently distressing for the moment. Like all great singers, the Australian prima donna is very much affected by extreme phases of temperature, and the abnormal heat has really been the cause of her inability to appear at the Opera. It is not generally known, by the way, that the gifted composer, the late Alfred Cellier, was the first musical authority to pick out Madame Melba from the ruck of vocalists. When he was rehearsing an opera in Melbourne, he was struck with the rare and rich voice of one of the lady choristers (none other than Madame Melba), and strongly advised her to go to Europe to study. He gave her letters of introduction both to

Sir Augustus Harris and to Mr. D'Oyly Carte, but neither would engage her. She then went to Paris, and here it was that another composer, the veteran Ambroise Thomas, placed her on the right road to fame and fortune by his constant advice and ready assistance. Madame Melba's return to London was on other lines than her former visit.

MDLLE. CALVÉ,

supreme as an exponent of passionate love in Isidore de Lara's "Messaline" and of coquettish amours in Georges Bizet's "Carmen," is an artiste so full of originality that she was bound to give a new reading of Marguerite in "Faust." Her naturalness in this part, familiar to her admirers, delighted a fashionable gathering at Covent Garden, and added a fresh laurel to the wreath of this fascinating prima donna.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

has been rather unfortunate this season. The balance is on the wrong side to the extent of £300. The concert season has been bad all round. Very few concerts of any kind have brought profit to those who gave them. There were too many. I have sometimes attended three or four on the same day.

AUGUST PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Next month we shall have the Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall, and, although August is rather early for Promenades, Mr. Newman gives such good music and his orchestra is so fine that I always welcome the return of the Promenade season. This year Mr. Newman will give unusual prominence to classical works. May he prosper!

FRED STOREY AS SCENE-PAINTER AND ACTOR.

I understand that Mr. Fred Storey, the clever Actor-Manager-Scene-Painter, is busily engaged in getting ready a picturesque drama written for him by Mr. Henry Beauchamp. The leading part will, of course, be played by Mr. Storey, who will also limn the whole of the scenery. I am not at liberty to mention either the title or the period, but it may be stated that Mr. Storey believes that the character assigned to him will "fit him like a glove." Those who saw Mr. Storey in the drama (not the pantomime) "Rip Van Winkle" have the highest estimate of his capability, and possibly we shall in this new play witness a revelation which will astonish many old London playgoers.

MISS HETTIE CHATTELL AND THE "DAILY MAIL."

It is never nice, after twenty birthdays, to have one's age exaggerated, but when you can get £2500 out of the exaggeration it doesn't so much matter. This is the little sum which the *Daily Mail* has been told to pay for the privilege of stating that Miss Hettie Chatell, of Hippodrome fame, was mother to the Marchioness of Headfort (Miss Rosie Boote). The trouble arose out of the fact that the young gentleman who wrote



MISS HETTIE CHATTELL, THE FORTUNATE YOUNG ACTRESS WHO HAS BEEN AWARDED £2500 DAMAGES AGAINST THE "DAILY MAIL."

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

the par. forgot for a moment that Miss Chattell and Miss Boote were of much the same age. Miss Chattell thereupon pointed out that youth is a valuable asset when one is on the stage—or in the arena—and the Jury evidently agreed with her to a man. It now remains to be seen whether the *Daily Mail*, which has appealed, will be compelled to pay the money, and to be fervently hoped that there is nothing in this paragraph that can do anybody any harm of any kind. Really, the strain of keeping pace with the law of libel is very trying this hot weather.

MR. LIONEL MONCKTON.

The portrait of a composer whose light and taking songs have added to the success of the series of bright and cheerful Ivan Caryll musical pieces at the Gaiety deserves to be given in *The Sketch*. Mr. Lionel Monckton has decidedly caught the taste of the town with regard to lilting airs. Part-composer of "The Shop Girl," "The Circus Girl," "A Runaway Girl," "The Messenger Boy," and contributor of favouritesongsto "The Geisha" and "A Greek Slave," Mr. Monckton is lucky to have made "hits" with "A Little Bit of String," "Soldiers in the Park," "The Boy Guessed

MR. LIONEL MONCKTON, ONE OF THE COMPOSERS OF "THE TOREADOR."

Right," "Brown of Colorado," "Jack's the Boy," "A Monkey on a Stick," "Maisie," "When the Boys Come Home Once More," and "I Want to be Popular," all of which caught the public ear and became the prey of the piano-organ. He was educated at Charterhouse and at Oxford, where he was one of the leaders in the Shaksperian revivals in the 'eighties, for which he conducted and composed the music.

Whilst Mr. Monckton has devoted his leisure to musical composition, he has been engaged for the greater part of his time of late in critical work, having been on the brilliant staff of the *Daily Telegraph* for more than ten years. I have much pleasure in printing the original score of snatches from his sparkling and merry songs in the deservedly successful "Toreador," at the Gaiety Theatre—which presents the most remarkable paradox of the period, inasmuch as, though the playhouse is the coolest in London, it is "Toreador" the threshold!

MR. E. J. LONNEN.

The latest proof of the kindly eagerness and promptitude with which stage-players assist a comrade who has fallen by the way was given yesterday (Tuesday afternoon), when a big entertainment was presented by most of the leading artistes in London in aid of Mr. E. J. Lonnens. That once enormous Gaiety favourite, who is stricken with phthisis, worked bravely on in "The Messenger Boy" until two or three months ago, when he was compelled to give up, and it may be many months ere he can resume his profession again. At present, poor "Teddy" is lying in a very serious condition, and it is proposed to send him to a sanatorium. Edwin Jesse Lonnens, to give him his full name, like many another histrion, started play-acting in his earliest childhood. After playing all sorts of melodramatic, tragic, operatic, and pantomime child-parts, he went around the provincial "circuits" as a walking-gentleman, low-comedian, leading juvenile, and anything else he could get, and before his teens had finished he was well known in many a theatrical and "fit-up" town. His first London appearance was made at Sadler's Wells, where, under the late Miss Marriot's management, he played a comparatively subordinate character in the late Mr. W. G. Wills's drama, "Sedgemoor." Ere long a chance of displaying his comic acting and his splendid dancing got him an engagement in the middle 'eighties at the Avenue, where he played, among other things, Tony Foster to Arthur Roberts's villain, Varney, in a burlesque of "Kenilworth." This and other screaming performances procured him an engagement at the Comedy to act with Miss Florence St. John in "La Bearnaise." From the Avenue, Lonnens was enticed by Mr. George Edwardes, at the instigation of "Richard Henry," to take up a character which had been written in "Monte Cristo Junior" for Mr. Arthur Williams, who had to be suddenly transferred from the Gaiety to the Prince of Wales's with "Dorothy." Mr. Lonnens's success as De Villefort was instantaneous, and a few weeks later his part was made still larger by the addition of Mr. Robert Martin's Irish ditty, "Ballyhoooley." Lonnens's next big success at the Gaiety was as Claude in "Miss Esmeralda," written by Mr. Herbert Clark and the late Fred Leslie, who, for play-writing purposes, called himself

"A. C. Torr" (Ac-tor). Then, Mr. Lonnens toured round the world with the Gaiety Company, and anon returned to that theatre, making pronounced successes as Mephistopheles and Don José respectively in Sims and Pettitt's burlesques, "Faust Up-to-Date" and "Carmen Up-to-Data." Leaving the Gaiety a while, he toured in sundry more or less successful pieces, and went into the "halls," returning to the Gaiety for the production of "The Messenger Boy."

THE LYCEUM.

It is agreeable to see that the Lyceum is the last of the big houses to close; and to be able to record the success of the Irving Company in one of the most cruel and disastrous seasons on record. The last week at the premier playhouse was remarkably interesting in its varied programmes, which included, as a quasi-novelty, the revival of "The Merchant of Venice," in which Sir Henry gives one of his finest performances, realising Shakspere's character more fully, I believe, than even the great player of whom it was said "This is the Jew that Shakspere drew." Moreover, the Portia of Miss Ellen Terry showed the gifted actress at her best. It was but fitting that the Company should end with "Coriolanus," the admirable production of which began the season nobly. It may be said that this year has shown quite a surprising rejuvenescence in Sir Henry and his brilliant fellow art-worker, who have acted almost throughout with more fire than during several past years. They have nobly earned a restful holiday.

THE JAPANESE PLAYERS.

The Japanese Company, in honour of its removal to the Shaftesbury, is giving a new play, called "Sairoku," which was favourably received. The Japs seem so firmly in favour with our playgoers that one suspects they will pay us an annual visit, and perhaps it will be the duty of the critics to study Japanese, so as to be able to appreciate the literary quality of the Japanese dramas! Fortunately, it requires no knowledge of the tongue of "Madame Chrysanthème" to appreciate the remarkable cleverness of Madame Yacco, her husband, and the quaint Company. "Sairoku," which is called the Japanese version of "The Merchant of Venice," is, of course, peculiarly interesting to our playgoers, who last week had the opportunity of comparing the methods of Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry with those of Mr. Kawakami and Madame Sada Yacco in the same parts.

"THE SILVER SLIPPER," AT THE LYRIC.

Willie Edouin's sense of humour is always refreshing, and doubly so during the present tropical weather, so that "The Silver Slipper," at the Lyric Theatre, continues to play to enormous business, while many novelties are proving most successful. "Ping-Pong," sung by Louis Bradfield and Miss Coralie Blythe, has made a tremendous "hit," and "Taradiddle," by Mr. Landon Ronald and sung by Mr. Bradfield and chorus, goes with a delightful swing; while a new trio with dance by the same composer is rendered by Miss Nancy Girling and Messrs. Cheesman and Frank Holt with quite electric dash and go. To see Connie Ediss attired as a goddess from Venus makes life well worth living, and her song with Edouin velept "Riding" is nightly encored and re-encored. Miss Mollie Lowell has unquestionably made a decided "hit" as Stella, and there is every probability of this charming artiste continuing to play this rôle for a week or two, at all events.

SNATCHES FROM MR. MONCKTON'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO "THE TOREADOR."

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Light v. Heavy Machines—The Royal Bicycle—Ladies at the Lakes—The Free-Wheel Walk—Cycling-Costume in America—Elderly Wheelers—Compulsory Brakes.

Time to light up: Wednesday, July 24, 8.59; Thursday, 8.58; Friday, 8.56; Saturday, 8.55; Sunday, 8.54; Monday, 8.52; Tuesday, 8.51.

It is an interesting point whether a heavyish or a lightish machine runs fastest. One thing that tells against a light machine is that usually it is much higher geared than a heavy wheel, and therefore what is lost in weight is made up for by the extra labour of propulsion. On a dead level, a heavy free-wheel will run longer and faster, after the initial propulsion, than a light free-wheel, whilst on a long coast speed is always on the side of weight. Though I am of opinion that the average bicycle made in England is really heavier than it need be, there is the constant recurrence of the danger of running to the other extreme and having machines too lightly built. Dr. Turner tells a good story in regard to light machines. Some years ago, a racing-man, who weighed eleven stone, designed a racing-bicycle for himself and weighing some 17 lb. Despite its lightness, he was not very successful on the racing-tracks. He had other machines made of about the same weight, and still he was unsatisfied. An expert in building racing-machines said he would make a bicycle provided the racing-man did not weigh it until after he had finished using it. This he agreed to. Immediately the racer gained successes, carrying off championships both at home and abroad. At the end of the season he weighed the bicycle, and found it turned the scale at 29 lb.

It is quite remarkable the keen interest shown by wheelmen and wheelwomen the country through in regard to the bicycle presented by the King to his little grandson, Prince Edward. It is a sensible bicycle, with none of the gold and diamond kickshaws that some folks think are specially suitable to Royalty. It has no ornamentation whatever, but is enamelled in plain black. The handle-bars are silver-plated and the handles are of cork. The frame is only fourteen inches high, the wheels are twenty inches, and the cranks are four and a-half inches long. This bicycle was given to Prince Edward on his seventh birthday.

It was a very suitable present, and no doubt many youngsters of lesser degree have suggested to their grandpas to go and do likewise. Cycling in moderation is extremely good for children, but it should be only in moderation. Excessive wheeling is harmful to a growing boy or girl, and parents are nothing less than criminally culpable when they allow, as too often they do, their children to ride machines too big for them. Anything, so long as it is a bicycle, will *not* do. Parents should see that their children ride only those bicycles suitable to their physical abilities.

From the letters I continuously receive, I know this page is largely read by ladies. Therefore some of them may be glad to hear of an experiment one of their number, "Miss Whitaker, care of Mrs. Ferris, Gordon Road, Widcombe, Bath," proposes, namely, to take a cottage at Ambleside, one of the prettiest parts of the Lake District, so that those ladies desirous of cycling in that part of England will find pleasant and congenial company. Miss Whitaker is an ardent member of the Rational Dress League. Accordingly, ladies with strong opinions on the advantages of bifurcated garments will have an opportunity of talking those advantages over, and, by sheer force of numbers, compel the denizens and holiday-seekers in the Lake District to have respect for them.

I see a gentleman has been writing to one of the northern papers stating that the free-wheel threatens to develop a new style of walking among the absent-minded—to wit, the free-wheel walk! By this is meant that the pedestrian who has been accustomed to ride a free-wheel, in a moment of forgetfulness plants his feet, while perambulating the streets, firmly on the pavement, in the fallacious hope that his progress will continue down the street, whereas he is, in reality, the object of not unnatural curiosity and satire.

Personally, though I have a great admiration for Americans in matters wheeling, I would not accept them as exactly infallible guides in the way of cycling-costume. Of course, the American girl looks charming either on or off a bicycle. The American man also looks well on a bicycle when you see him in a picture. But, in reality, he is not pretty. Even the best of him wears a gaudy jersey, and, in the matter of knickerbockers, I never—though my experience may have been particularly unfortunate—came across an American tailor who could make a dignified pair. The Americans knock us Britshers all to pieces in the matter of stopping decayed teeth, but in the line of making knickerbockers that fit we have them. However, being always willing to learn, I am glad to see a San Francisco cycling-journal says that "this is to be a year of conservation in cycling apparel." I have only a glimmering idea of what "conservation" means. "Loud checks, dazzling stockings, and bright colours are to be eschewed. For men, a sack-coat of blue-black, pants of a very modest check, or solid colour, dark stockings, with, perhaps, a suspicion of colour in the roll, which, by the way, must cover the cuff of the pants, low-cut shoes, either of tan or patent-leather, a patent-leather belt, Madras shirt with attached collar, and dark tie will be the proper thing. The cap may be a check of the golf style, but not of more than two colours. For women, shirt-waists, Eton jackets, and skirts of dark cloth, the latter reaching well down to the ankle, black stockings, and low-cut shoes, tan or patent leather, the latter preferred, will be the accepted costume."

Somebody has been hunting out cases of elderly folk who have done remarkable rides awheel. There is the case of Mr. R. Moody, a farmer

of East Butterwick, North Lincolnshire, aged seventy-two, who cycled recently from East Butterwick to Lichfield, a distance of one hundred miles, in one day. Then there is Mrs. Hetty Purdy—an American dame, of course—who on her hundredth birthday rode a bicycle round a relative's back-yard. An old man in Glasgow named Colin Ross did not take his first cycling lesson till he was over seventy years of age. He soon learnt, and then started on a holiday ride from Inverness to Horsham, in Sussex, and back again. It is stated that a little while back there lived at Putney a cyclist, aged eighty-four, who could do his forty miles a-day and keep up an average pace of eight miles an hour. Further, I read there is an aged Warwickshire couple,

whose combined ages total up to something like a hundred and thirty-five years, who may often be seen on the road riding a tandem.

The question of the advisability for a law to be passed compelling all cyclists to have brakes on their machines is again cropping up. I don't like compulsion in anything, but often it is necessary to protect us from the reckless and the ruffianly. Many a rider, I admit, has better control over his bicycle even without a brake than other riders who may have a couple of brakes. That is, however, hardly the point. If a fool of a man, out of sheer bravado, prefers to ride a brakeless bicycle and in flying downhill knocks into a stone-wall and is killed, I don't mind. But to protect the other people it would certainly not be a bad thing if brakes were compulsory.

J. F. F.

Cricket is, of course, notable for its remarkable surprises, but seldom of a character equal to that in connection with the match between Yorkshire and Somerset at the commencement of last week. The latter were low down in the list, Yorkshire at the top. If there were any anxiety as to the result, it seemed to be settled at the close of Somerset's first innings, for this realised 87 only. The bowlers of the Champion County followed up an excellent performance by batting successfully, and Somerset started their second innings 238 runs to the bad. Defeat of the Western County seemed inevitable, but lo! the Yorkshire bowlers now appeared weak and incapable. At any rate, Mr. L. C. H. Palairat scored 173, Mr. F. A. Phillips 122, Braund 107, and so on, and to 630 the total went. A win for Yorkshire was not to be thought of, but to avert defeat seemed quite within the limits of probability. Heat and surprise may have had their effect, but the bowlers of Somerset got rid of the Champions for 113, and so brought about the first loss that Yorkshire has sustained since 1899.



THE HON. GRAHAM MURRAY, JUDGE-ADVOCATE OF SCOTLAND, MRS. MURRAY, AND DAUGHTER ON THEIR NEW TRIPLET.

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Goodwood. I am very pleased to be able to state that the meeting in the Ducal Park will be at least a big success from the sportsman's point of view, as the going is good and fields will be large. Of course, we shall sadly miss the cheery face of His Majesty the King, who always enjoys his Goodwood. We shall, too, be without the cheery presence of the Earl of March, who has done so much to make Goodwood the success it has been of late years.



W. H. LOCKWOOD,
WHOSE BENEFIT MATCH (SURREY V. YORKS)
STARTS TO-MORROW AT THE OVAL.
Photo by Vanter, Kennington.

starting-point. When the white flag has fallen, so many horses make for the rails on the opposite side of the course that half of the competitors are completely boxed in or crowded out. In nine cases out of ten the winner is on the rails, and seldom indeed is the race won in the centre of the course. Tips for this year's Cup are as plentiful as strawberries. I have already been told of ten or a dozen absolute certainties, and before the day of the race I expect to get at least two dozen more real good things given to me for the same event. At present, I shall be content to rely on Spectrum and Monday II. for the winner, and I think Master Willie will get a place. The Goodwood Plate is run on the Wednesday, over a distance of two miles. I think Solitaire will win, and King's Messenger might get a place. I am told that the two-year-olds trained by John Porter, R. Marsh, and Huggins must be followed at the meeting—that is, when they do not tumble up against those owned by Mr. R. Sievier.

The Liverpool Cup. I suppose I must say a few words about the Liverpool Cup. It is a race that I do not like to touch until after I have received my morning wires from the course. Even then, it is possible to miss the winner. The followers of the Beckhampton stable are throwing in for a big coup over Presbyterian, who, by-the-bye, has very little book form to recommend him. He won at Epsom, but had a lot the best of the weights with Longshoreman. He may not be able to act round the turns. Black Sand will represent the South American stables, and is very likely to go close. Mount Prospect is a genuine candidate. He is said to have returned to his old form. Osbech has not travelled any too well in the market, and Australian Star may be wanted later on. Aquascutum is scratched, and is being backed on the Continent for the Cesarewitch, a race that he is very likely to go close for. Japonica may go close for the Liverpool Cup; but, with a run, I should not look beyond Semper Vigilans in my final search for the winner. Mr. Corrigan is a real live Yankee. He places his horses to win. I know he thought Semper Vigilans good enough to win the Ascot Stakes, in which race she was, in my opinion, a good second-best to Sinopi.

The Cobham Sale. There should be a big attendance at the Cobham Sale this week, when some promising yearlings and two-year-olds will be offered for sale by Messrs. Tattersall. One of the two-year-olds is a half-brother to Spectrum, and I expect Mr. Whitney will bid up for him. A two-year-old filly by Trentor—Fleur d'Or is very likely to fetch a big price. A yearling brother to Longy is the pick of the basket, and a yearling colt by Trentor—Blow should command plenty of bidding. The stud is managed by Mr. W. Allison, the well-known sporting author and writer, and by Mr. R. P. Mortlock, who has recently refused the rank of Major in the Regular Service. Mr. Allison is a very hard worker. He attends the principal race-meetings and sales, and grinds out columns of highly interesting copy. He was educated for the Bar and is a full-blown barrister. He took his B.A. and his M.A. degrees on the same day, which is a record. He acts as the Special Commissioner of the *Sportsman*. Formerly, he edited, and very ably edited too, the *St. Stephen's Review*, when the Phil May cartoons took the town by storm. He was a coadjutor of Phil May's in "The Parson and the Painter," and I must own that the letterpress was quite as entertaining as the pictures.

CAPTAIN COE.

CRICKET.

W. H. LOCKWOOD.

One of the cricketers whose worth Notts failed to discover until they had lost him is about to receive from the county of his adoption the reward for valuable services rendered in several years brilliantly. The proceeds of Surrey's match against Yorkshire at the Oval on July 25, &c., are to be set apart for Lockwood. One of the very best of all-round cricketers, despite a certain inferiority in the field, Lockwood enjoyed extraordinary success, especially as bowler, during 1892 and the two following years. Under a cloud in 1895, '96, and '97, this famous cricketer completely recovered his form. In the recent matches between Gentlemen and Players he met with much distinction, and he therefore takes his benefit with honours thick upon him, as all professionals should. Fine pace and break, with ability to send down a well-disguised slow ball, are the characteristics of Lockwood's bowling, and he invests his batting with that freedom which finds so much favour with the spectator. Lockwood deserves a bumper, and will in all probability get it.

THE ONE AND ONLY "RANJI"

is as wonderful as ever this season. Although he has played only twenty innings or so, he has scored well over a thousand runs, and is almost at the top of the batting averages. His highest score this season in one innings is 219 in the match between Sussex and Essex last week. It is not unlikely that he will beat this directly.



K. S. RANJITSINHJI WATCHING A NASTY ONE.
Photo by Foster (late E. Hawkins and Co.), Preston Street, Brighton.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

THE making-up of old embroidered muslins has been the *dernier cri* in Paris this Season, more especially since the hot weather has set in with such virulence. Many of the best lingerie firms, foreseeing the craze for this revival which has since raged so freely amongst fashionable women, bought up in the early part of the Season all that they could lay their hands on of antique embroidered cambrics,



[Copyright.]

A CLAUDE DUVAL HAT OF BLACK CRINOLINE.

grass-lawns, and the intricate stichery on cambric in which our grandmothers so delighted, retailing these modish antiques at fabulous sums, though bought from the impoverished possessors of such heirlooms at any price they wished to dictate before the fashion became an accomplished fact. Old-fashioned muslin gowns that had been put aside for uncounted years have again seen the cheerful light of day under such renovated auspices as would have greatly surprised their original owners. The quaint little muslin frills with which such gowns were decked generally owned scolloped edges made either of *plumetis* or *broderie-anglaise*, which have now been assimilated to the correct shade of yellow old-age by the process of dipping them in water just tinted with ochre before being mounted on silk and remodelled to the present more elaborate fashions.

I have seen charming collars made out of old lace or grass-lawn handkerchiefs, and, if the latter are of extra-large size, they can be arranged into fichus or Berthas by the addition of good lace round the edges. I recommend, moreover, those who still possess such lavender-scented treasures to disinter them with all possible speed from the quiet places where they have lain for years for the greater garnishing of their hot-weather costumes, a dainty muslin embellished with old cambric embroidery being in the last cry of that very vocal dame called Fashion. Vandyked incrustations of *écrû guipure* ornamented with large flowers embroidered with silver are among the last and smartest ways of embellishing the pristine simplicity of white *piqué* gowns. Narrow black velvet edged with a silver galon and overlaid in various patterns is another new style for relieving the classic severity of these autumn washing-gowns. Furthermore, if sent to such skilful cleaners as, say, Campbells, of Perth, the velvet need not be removed when the dress is sent for renovation. A very smart fawn-coloured drill treated in this way met me at a garden-party this week. The short jacket was entirely of *guipure*, the cut being similar to that of a bolero in front, with fascinating little basques at the back. A deep waistbelt of white *crêpe-de-Chine* hung down in two long ends to the hem of the skirt, and was finished at one side of the waist with a big *chou*, the ends of the sash being ornamented with little velvet bows appliquéd with edges of Cluny lace. A large white chip hat tilted over the face and tricked out with a wreath of black hydrangeas completed an original and charming altogether.

Naturally, these greatly garnished washing-gowns require to be made by a couturière of artistic convictions. The "suburban little dress-maker" could more easily be entrusted with Lyons velvet or brocade of old Venice than with these apparently simple turn-outs which await the completest art to demonstrate them satisfactorily. As for Paris hats, while always *chic*, they cannot at the moment be regarded as becoming, inasmuch as they grow more flat and plate-like than ever, while, when tilted down over the eyes in approved fashion, they can by no effort of imagination be regarded as what the Americans call "suiting." The "Shepherdess" shape, wreathed with flowers and looped up on either side with bows or *choux* of black velvet, is equally fashionable.

Apropos of flowers, I noticed that artificial blooms are again coming into vogue, not only for millinery and the evening coiffure, but also for the corsage and skirts of evening-gowns. Long trails of foliage, trimmed with a second bunch of the flowers which began them, are very favourite, and when made in the best quality are correspondingly costly. The flower-wreaths which have been more than ever fashionable for the hair this Season, while extremely charming when worn over a young, fresh face, are, let it be added, proportionately trying to the wrinkled or over-developed face of late middle-age. I am constantly meeting women at Opera or evening squash whose years are proclaimed aloud by the unsuitably youthful manner of costume and coiffure, and one of the most distinct sensations I have experienced this Season was meeting a robust and elderly bride, well-incomed, I should also add, but who, being deaf, had recourse to an ear-trumpet when mixing with her fellows, and



[Copyright.]

A GOWN OF RED LINEN FOR TROUVILLE.

startled Society not a little by appearing assiduously in white satin, her golden wig crowned with a Geisha wreath of roses.

Apropos of wrinkles, I am often asked to recommend a masseuse whose system can be said to successfully counteract the growth of those tiresome little lines that begin to indicate themselves

with advancing Seasons. I can do this with some confidence, but, at the same time, I would remind my correspondents that it is wise, when in the possession of what is usually called a mobile face, which by constant contractions may express pain, pleasure, rage, surprise, amusement, or other sensations, to beware when past nine-and-twenty of an animated play of feature. With years, the fibres of the muscles lose

their elasticity and the skin its original firmness, all of which causes tend to imprint even on the fairest skin the dreaded and disliked wrinkle. Again, nervous and irritable people should never lose the opportunity of cultivating a happy view of things in general. Those who worry, elevating the molehills of life into unnecessary mountains, will naturally get wrinkled long before those incarnate sunbeams who cultivate cheerfulness as a duty to their friends. Want of sleep is another fruitful cause of facial disaster. The muscles of the face, and entire organism, in fact, are in perfect tranquillity while the body rests. It is largely on the strength of this discovery that the fashionable doctor of to-day orders the Society women, his nervous and hard-going patients, summarily to bed, even without the excuse of any specific ailment, knowing that even enforced rest is better than none in these days of excitement and overwork. Fresh air and sunshine, old-fashioned remedies as they are, will largely keep the canker of care from too early showing

on our foreheads, while,

as I have indicated before, massage, when properly applied, is very beneficial, and will, if it does not remove, very certainly attenuate premature wrinkles. In this connection, Madame Gilbert, of 200, Regent Street, may be mentioned as a first-class masseuse.

Since Ireland has begun of late years to come into vogue as a fashionable autumn place, the hotels have correspondingly improved, and you may now travel from one end to the other of the Emerald Isle without encountering the terrible experiences which Lord Crewe, then Lord Houghton, made classic in his dissertations on the "towels and eggs" of the Hibernian innkeeper. The Slieve Donard Hotel at Newcastle, County Down, set in the most exquisite scenery of Northern Ireland, is one of those hotels which reflect credit on the Management of the Belfast and County Down Railway, and relieve Ireland of the old reproach acent cookery and want of cleanliness which so freely obtained early in the last century.

The Slieve Donard Management has just opened a new Smoking Lounge which greatly adds to the general attractiveness of the hotel. It is a lofty and well-ventilated room, furnished by Maple to the last nail, and commanding beautiful views of Dundrum Bay and the Mourne Mountains to the right. A string-band "all the way from London" discourses most excellent melodies in feeding-time and afterwards in the Lounge, and the addition of good music to all other creature comforts will be found sufficiently soul-inspiring to give the necessary aesthetic touch to the stay in the no more distressful country.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPER (Dorchester).—I think you will find Cook's Cream and Oatmeal Soap very useful in your nursery. It is carefully made of pure ingredients, and is very healing for the skin. Cook and Co. are the soap specialists, and their address is Bow, London, in case you cannot get their preparations from your local chemists. For your perfume try the Crown Perfumery Company's "Apple Blossom," which is very delicious as well as lasting, and not sickly, as you describe the perfume mentioned in your letter to be.

F. L. E. (Elstree).—If your figure is as slight as you describe, the straight-fronted corset will not be necessary, as they are mainly invented for the improvement and due ordering of stout figures.

JEANNETTE B. (Windsor).—It is not necessary or, indeed, wise, with the recorded income, to buy expensive glass when setting up house. You will find that Phillips, of Mount Street, keep exquisitely delicate glasses and the best designs in china at a moderate price. When you are in town you should look in there. Their things are quite as cheap and far more elegant than in the second-rate shops you mentioned.

SYBIL.

THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" CUP AT BISLEY.

The competition for the *Daily Telegraph* Cup at Bisley is open to all comers, and is shot for at six hundred yards—seven rounds. This year the entries amounted to 1220, as against 920 last year. The maximum score, thirty-five, was obtained by four competitors, eighteen others being credited with but one point less. On shooting off the ties, Sergeant G. Cowan and Private Jenkins were again equal. The Cup was designed and modelled by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited.

BEAUTY-SPOTS IN THE NORTH-EAST.

The North-Eastern Company have of recent years issued a Pictorial Guide illustrative of the beauty-spots on their system. Their production this year, entitled "Pictorial Guide to North-Eastern England," is eminently superior, from an artistic point of view, to anything in the way of railway advertising literature we have yet seen. It contains sixteen beautifully executed reproductions in colours from original paintings by a well-known artist, and opposite each picture is a concise description of the district represented. The Pictorial Guide can be obtained at railway-bookstalls, price one penny, by post twopence, and the Hotel and Lodgings Guide, one penny at bookstalls, by post twopence-halfpenny, from Mr. H. A. Watson, Superintendent of the Line, North-Eastern Railway, York.

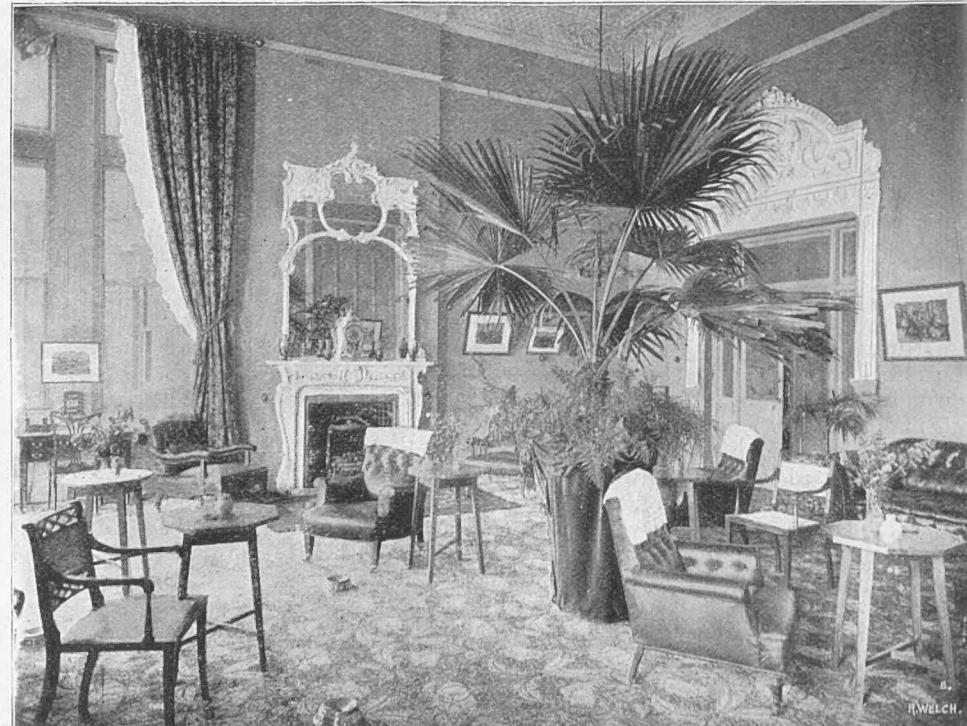
THE CELEBRATED PEARL NECKLACE.

The firm of Hunt and Roskell, Limited, are now the fortunate possessors of the magnificent six-row pearl necklace, of which *The Sketch* gave an illustration in last week's Issue, it having been sold at the auction to a syndicate of the three leading wholesale pearl-merchants of London, practically without opposition, who re-sold it to the above-named jewellers, at whose establishment, 156, New Bond Street, it is now on view.

Messrs. James Buchanan and Co. having been appointed purveyors of Scotch whisky (under Royal Warrants) to Her late Majesty Queen Victoria and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Royal appointment has now been granted to them by His Majesty the King.

No small interest among the chauffeurs in Paris is aroused by the appearance of an extremely handsome chauffeuse, wearing a scarlet coat, resembling that of a huntsman, and freely decorated with gold lace. Decidedly sensational, but a change from the usual grey and khaki.

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier have in the press for immediate publication a little book at a popular price on "Sir Thomas Lipton and the America Cup," by Charles T. Bateman. Everyone is interested in the career of the man who is for the second time attempting to capture the America Cup, and this volume, which contains numerous illustrations, has had the advantage of revision by Sir Thomas.



SMOKING-ROOM OF THE SLEIVE DONARD HOTEL, NEWCASTLE, CO. DOWN.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on July 29.

THE STOCK MARKETS.

THE Stock Exchange has had to face rather a critical week, and has come through the storm better than many of the insiders expected. The differences to be faced were heavy in a number of cases, and many a broker had anxious hours before clients' cheques came in. Seven small failures there have been, but with considerable



FIRST SHAFT ON THE ROAD FROM KIBBI TO KOKO, WEST AFRICA.

assets in all cases, and, considering the critical state of affairs, it is not a bad ending for a wretchedly unfortunate nineteen-day Account.

It is curious how City circles are subject to booms and fits of the blues. A couple of months ago, everybody was an optimist; now most jobbers, and not a few brokers, are pessimistic to the last degree, and even such newspapers as the *Daily Mail* publish long articles on the coming panic. Undoubtedly, the majority of speculators and speculative investors are loaded up with more stocks than they like, or rather, than the various pawnshops (which we call Banks) are anxious to carry for them, and it is also true that in America, Germany, and Belgium there are signs of a crisis; but, just as the optimism of the spring was overdone, so probably is the pessimism of the present month.

HOME RAILS.

The dividends so far declared are flattering to our forecasts, but they convince us that we did not take too gloomy a view of what was to be generally expected. Like everybody else, we went wrong over the Brighton distribution, but with the Great Eastern, Tilbury, and Metropolitan Companies our forecast was absolutely accurate. In the Brighton case the whole market was completely at fault, and the heavy drop upon the announcement of such a wretched distribution as 2½ per cent., with nothing to boast of in the way of carry-over, showed how unexpected was the result. That a line with a gross increase of nearly £40,000 should find the whole of it swallowed up, and have to knock ¾ per cent. off the dividend in addition, is certainly not encouraging for the shareholders in those railways which show heavy gross declines.

The distributions will all be out in a few weeks, and we have no intention of going over the ground again, but we fully expect that, where our forecasts are at fault, we shall have over-rather than underestimated what holders of Ordinary stock may have to expect. The worst feature of the position is the increase of the wages bill, which promises to be a permanent addition to the working expenses. Coal and other stores may be dear for a time, but they will certainly revert to normal prices at no distant date; wages, once raised, cannot be lowered, and we strongly advise those of our readers who study such things closely to examine the reports as they are issued, with a view to judging for themselves how far the increase of working expenses is of a permanent or transitory character.

YANKEES.

Paralysed one day by panic, and buoyant on the next with hope, the Yankee Market is providing its followers with a series of emotions that should satisfy the most insatiable excitement-hunter. From its dip into the depths it shook itself and rose again with renewed energy, verifying our suggestions of last week to the very letter. A happy family arrangement of the Northern Pacific quarrel formed the primary step upon which the market began to rise, and various other sops have since been thrown out, in the way of an Erie Preference dividend, shower reports, and bountiful crop estimates. Indeed, the New York financiers, Morgan-headed, hydra-headed, seem to have put out every ounce of their strength with a view to hoisting prices once again, and it is difficult to see what other cards they will have left to play, supposing that the opposing influences persist in making themselves felt.

For opposition and trouble there will certainly be, and that right ahead of the Yankee Market. Even if the steel strike be glossed over by the

squaring of the leaders, its threatened presence has shown the enormous force that the workers can wield in the realm of finance. It will be more than ever a fear that, like the poor, is always with us. Bulls of Yankees, moreover, will for another six weeks or more be at the mercy of every crop-estimator who publishes his opinions, and the width of difference existing between experts on this point gives the minor prophets an undue claim for a hearing. The market in Shorter's Court is, however, talking prices better, and, if the general factors can be kept smooth, Yankees may be held up for a time.

WEST AFRICANS.

The latest market in the Stock Exchange has felt the recent financial crisis to a considerable degree, but also in a way unlike other departments. Instead of its prices coming down with a run, as they have done in the Home Railway, Consol, and Yankee Markets, the quotations have remained fairly steady at their nominal values. But so nominal have those values grown in many instances that to deal in a hundred shares is a matter of difficulty, while to deal in five times that number is a practical impossibility except for a buyer. Only in the group whose domicile is under the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa roof is there anything approaching a liquid market, and, even when we were constantly impressing our readers with the need for buying only good shares, we did not anticipate such a complete drying-up as has overtaken many of the other enterprises in the West African division. Of course, we are not for a moment saying that there are not good concerns under the aegis of sponsors other than the Goldfields Company. There are, plenty, and we direct our remarks rather to those things which were introduced in the height of the Jungle fever merely to be run for the sake of their promoters. Shares in such concerns as these may have brief flutters for an occasional day or two before the inevitable reconstruction, but the working shares of the market, such as Wassau, Taquah, or British Gold Coast possess an actual intrinsic value. We are indebted to the kindness of the Goldfields of East Axim for our illustrations.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS.

The Carriage lay back and gasped for air, fanning itself hotly the while. Nobody seemed to have any inclination for talk.

It was only his sense of duty towards *The Sketch* that prompted the unknown Somebody to make a leading remark about Kaffirs.

"Oh! for heaven's sake, let us cut Kaffirs and talk about something cold!" exclaimed the perspiring Jobber.

The Banker, with a cool smile, suggested an edifying confabulation regarding Chili stocks or Swiss Rails, but the pleasantries fell flat.

"I've held various Chili bonds for the last ten years," growled The Broker, "and have made up my mind to sell them over and over again."

"You could only sell them once," put in The Jobber irritably; "unless you bought them back every time you sold."

The Merchant said he didn't feel quite sure about Chilis being such a bad speculation just now. "The Nitrate industry is certainly looking up, and, indirectly, that should prove of considerable benefit to the country," he presumed.

"But supposing that Chili should wax warlike again, and go for the Argentine Republic?"

"It's hardly likely," replied Chili's apologist. "Anyhow, to my mind, Chili Bonds are pretty nearly as useful as Argentines as a speculative medium."

"Of course, one would have to lock them up for a time," suggested his friend.

"Naturally, old man! But as soon as the revival in gilt-edged securities comes along—"

"When will that be?" The Broker asked with some fierceness.

The Banker told him that things were shaping generally towards the anxiously awaited "normal times."

"How so, sir?" And The Broker's face was pitifully eager. "We have been hounded about so long from one pillar to another in the



CARRIERS ON OLD KIBBI ROAD, WEST AFRICA.

financial world that I, for one, am positively pining for a little relaxation from this incessant excitement and nothing to be made out of it."

"That's the rub," confirmed The Jobber. "We can stand excitement to any extent when it brings business, but when it doesn't—Oh, this heat!" And he collapsed into a bunched-up heap.

"Never mind about him," said his House brother unsympathetically. "It's hotter than this in the Mining Markets, and he ought to get used to it."

"Never mind about me," re-echoed the Sufferer. "Go on talking about your Chilis and your other cool things. Why don't you try Schweppes or 'Polly'?"

The Engineer said the very words made him feel thirsty. "Hungry, too," he added; "hungry for a dividend on the Deferred shares of the former. I verily believe that all Industrials are coming to the Millennium, because you Stock Exchange men say that there's no market in almost any Commercial thing I ever ask about."

"The Industrial Market is certainly in a state of coma," answered The Broker, "but I was told the other day by a man who ought to know—"

"We've all heard of him!" was The Jobber's vindictive aside.

"—that Spratt's Patent are a good investment."

"Do you think so yourself?" queried The Engineer.

"Yes, I do. If what they tell me is true, the company is still doing great things out of the War, and will probably show equally good results with those of the last twelve months, and you know how good they were."

"Yes," thoughtfully soliloquised The City Editor aloud. "The last Spratt's report kept us in copy for nearly a week."

"What a memory you have!" admiringly observed The Merchant, as he looked with envy at the cool appearance of the speaker's face. "Do you always wear a top-hat, gloves, umbrella, and a light overcoat in the dog-days?"

The City Editor smiled indulgently, and made a flippant retort about Coats being a good investment whatever the weather.

"If they were a little less at the mercy of the speculators in the North, I should say so too," said The Broker. "I should cut Coats if I had them, and put the money into—"

"Trunks?"—and the Jobber wanly smiled.

"The very thing!" cried his *confère*. "Trunk Seconds give a man some little fun for his money, and very good interest on it. Coats don't."

"I thought Trunk Firsts were your favourite gamble in that direction, or Canadian Pacifies?" interrogated The Merchant.

"Trunk Firsts as investment and a fairly certain prospect of a five-point rise. But Trunk Seconds have more scope for a jump, and move more quickly too."

"It's such a bad market!" objected The Engineer, who had been a bull of Trunks before."

"Not if you can refrain from selling on contango-day or a bad traffic," the other retorted. "Most people can't, though."

"Too hot to challenge your innuendo," laughed The Engineer. "Besides, I was thinking I'd have a few Trunk Seconds again, to play with."

"Of course, you must be prepared to see the price go against you to the tune of a few points," the tipster continued. "In the long run, you will come out well, I've no doubt at all."

"Better buy Westralians," observed The Merchant teasingly.

"Better hadn't!" from the easily drawn Broker.

"Well, Kaffirs, then," and the tone still teased.

"Perhaps!" was the oracular response. "The only question is whether you outsiders will come in and buy Kaffirs as soon as the end of the war is in sight."

"Can you doubt that it is after the Steyn and Reitz correspondence?" demanded The Banker.

"If hope deferred and Brighton ditto hadn't made all our hearts so sick, we should really begin to think that it might soon be over."

"Now, don't go and chuck away your bullishness at the moment it ought to be growing stronger," The Jobber rudely began. "After hanging on to our South Africans for the past twenty-one months, do let us keep our peckers up for a few more."

"Brevity—not vulgarity—is the soul of wit," The Broker reprovingly remarked.

"Then good-bye to all your aspirations in the way of posing as a funnyist," and The Jobber marched off with an air of radiant satisfaction at his parting shot.

Saturday, July 20, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

A. L. H.—If you are going to pay for the shares and are willing to hold them till things are quiet in South Africa, we think the speculation is by no means a bad one.

FAITH.—You are exactly the sort of person who ought not to hold Railway Ordinary or Deferred shares. The ups and downs of trade are sure to give the Railways good and bad years, and we are in for a bad time just now. There is no chance of your losing "your all," but your income will suffer this year and perhaps for some years to come. We should hold all the Rails, although they may very likely go lower. Maple's Preference are safe enough for dividend. The lottery bonds you name are also safe and honest, but we do not think much of your chances of a prize.

ANNA.—Railway Ordinary stocks must suffer in income, but you need not be afraid of the stocks you hold dropping to nothing. If you are frightened at the fluctuations in price, you ought not to hold such things. Colonial stocks or Municipal bonds would be more the thing for you.

H. E. P.—See our note on the Jungle Market. We cannot add anything. At the price, Russian Oils are a good speculative purchase.

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